


IN THE
ENEMY'S COUNTRY

MARY HOUGHTON



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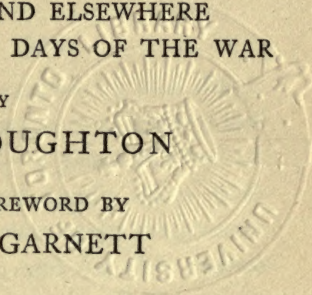
BEING THE DIARY OF A LITTLE TOUR
IN GERMANY AND ELSEWHERE
DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR

BY

MARY HOUGHTON

WITH A FOREWORD BY

EDWARD GARNETT



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PREFACE

FLORENCE, *October 3rd*, 1914.

The period of time covered by this diary includes the two most pregnant months in the history of nations—only a great thinker or a great poet could tread firmly upon such sacred ground. The writer early recognized the futility of her pen, and for this reason cut out from the diary nearly all the pages relating to the War. What remains are the lighter aspects as seen by the wanderer—the ripples of the back-wash that dents and moulds the sand. Let us laugh sometimes—even if our lips are quivering and our hearts are sad.

The Author's profits will be given to the Red Cross Fund of our gallant little Allies, Servia and Montenegro.



FOREWORD

ONE evil of the quarrelling of bellicose individuals or States with their neighbours, apart from the hatred and malice, or devastation, disease, and death that ensue, lies in the distorted beliefs and wilful legends propagated by the aggressor, and bequeathed to his children for his own extenuation or glorification. He always despises the weak; he always maligns his opponent! And he merely shrugs his shoulders when he brings suffering on the innocent, or even on his own family and friends.

We see, first, in Mrs. Houghton's charming and witty Diary of her experiences in four foreign countries, how the unhappy labourers of the Trentino, who on mobilization looked like "parts of a vast machine set in motion for some reason unknown to them, which they were unable either to accelerate or retard," were put in the advance army sent against Russia by the Austrians, and were there slaughtered like sheep.

When the author reached Munich on August 1, the friendly people who hoped that England would not join in the war, "for

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it would be a serious thing for us, and we are very fond of the English in Bavaria," would have recoiled in indignant horror had they been told that in a few weeks the Bavarian troops would have shot down, slaughtered, and raped defenceless villagers in Belgium and Eastern France. They would have denied the possibility of the atrocious deeds recorded and attested in the Belgian and French official documents. But within a few weeks the German people's attitude to these deeds had crystallized into triumphant self-exoneration, typified by the German lady's remark:

"Those Belgians have fired on our gut soldiers. Ah! but they are bad, those Belgians. But they will to Germany belong" (p. 215).

The absurd naïveté of the aggressive patriot's state of mind is neatly shown in the remark of another German lady to Mrs. Houghton on August 5: "Have you heard the dreadful news? Italy has betrayed us, and England has declared war. *Germany is like a hunted hare.*" But what a human touch is there, when this German woman, seeing the Englishwoman's distress, breaks down also, and the enemies weep together, with the deeper wisdom of the heart!

The permanent value of this unaffected and penetrating little human record, "In

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the Enemy's Country," seems to me to lie in the delicate way it brings home to everybody that the civilized European has one enemy to fight and overcome, and that enemy is simply the instinct of Aggression, whether it masters men or nations. The whole spirit of Militarism, its inhuman arrogance and frightful lack of imagination, its swollen greed, its apologia for barbarity and crime, is not to be found to-day in any image of a snouted and horned and hooped fiend, but in the true and subtle delineation of that prosperous, well-dressed, middle-class German woman in the Geneva pension "reading the victories of her indefatigable Emperor, in the German papers, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes." The delicate truth of this little sketch speaks for itself, but its significance penetrates deepest when we reach that admirable passage of the Italian woman's words on "the cost of a man." Since some readers may take too literally the author's modest remark about her diary, chronicling only "the lighter aspects as seen by the wanderer," I will quote the text:

"What would you, Signore?" she said. "It costs much to bring up a man. First, there is the pain of the nativity; then afterwards he must be clothed and fed for such long years. Then the Military takes him and he goes from you. Some-

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times he comes back, and all is well. Then his mother is glad. She has someone to work for her and help her when she is old. But sometimes he goes away and comes not back. They send you a letter—that is all. You cannot even put flowers on his grave in the Ogni Santi. He is young, and his cost is not paid for. Only the mother has paid, and nothing has come of it” (p. 248).

But one need say no more on the charming fidelity of Mrs. Houghton's impressions. Her feminine humour speaks for itself. If I have said these words here it is because the publisher asks for a few lines from the old friend who has urged the author to complete the Diary and give it to the public.

EDWARD GARNETT.

February, 1915.

A TABLE SHOWING THE CHIEF
EVENTS DURING THE PERIOD COVERED
BY THE DIARY

- July 23: Austro-Hungarian Note to Servia.
July 28: War declared by Austria-Hungary.
July 31: State of war declared in Germany.
Aug. 1: War declared by Russia against Ger-
many.
Aug. 2: German Ultimatum to Belgium.
Aug. 3: Germany declares war on France.
Aug. 4: England declares war on Germany.
Aug. 16: English Expeditionary Force lands in
France.
Aug. 24: Fall of Namur announced.
Aug. 25: Louvain destroyed.
Aug. 28: British operations off Heligoland.
Sept. 3: French Government leaves Paris.
Sept. 5: Allies agree not to treat for peace
separately.
Sept. 20: Bombardment of Rheims Cathedral.

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IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY

CHAPTER I

SECOND-HAND MOTORISTS

FLORENCE, *July 20th*, 1914.

To-day E. has arranged to buy the motor-car he has been testing. It is only a second-hand one, and quite small, but will suit us very well. We have decided to set off on our travels as soon as we can get ready. It will be quite an adventurous journey, as we have never been in Austria, and only once in Germany, and then we had no motor-car. We can only speak about five words of German, but they relate to beds and eating, so we shall probably get along very well. After all, one cannot live in Italy without learning that the hands can play a big part in making oneself understood.

July 21st.

Having decided to buy the car, we now have to think of paying for it. I was dis-

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gusted this morning to find that we had in the bank just a hundred pounds less than I expected. The fact had escaped my memory that E. bought a large microscope about five weeks ago. That and its travelling expenses from England used up the extra money I had saved up to buy the motor.

Noble families in Italy and other lands often part with ancestral portraits in order to buy modern luxuries. We have no ancestors, but we have a picture or two, and other things. They were bought in the days long ago, when such treasures could be picked up for an old song. How angry I was when I sent E. to buy a kitchen table, and he came back with an antique lemon-squeezer! But some of his bargains have come in very useful.

We have gone round our ancient house, and have rubbed the dust off some of the old things to see if there is anything that can be disposed of for the needed money.

“Let us sell the Bishop,” said E.

But the wooden Bishop, though he is of the fourteenth century and beautiful, would

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not command a price. He has gone back to his cupboard in the old wall. He is getting a little mildewed, but that is the only place we can put him in. Owing to the unsteadiness of his feet, he cannot be left in the same closet as the china.

This evening we nearly yielded to an almost irresistible temptation. A friendly collector, hearing of our difficulty, came along and wanted to buy our one Old Master. The price offered was one-half its value, but we almost accepted. We looked at the quaint and lovely picture that has been with us so long, and came to the conclusion that we could not give it up. It is one of our dreams that some day it will adorn the gallery of a great nation; we have put it down in our wills that it shall be so. Let us hope that necessity will not dispose otherwise.

Our collector went away sadly. He very much wanted the picture, and said he should come again next year. We tried him with the Bishop, but he does not like them worm-eaten.

It will be a great disappointment if we cannot raise the money for the car.

SECOND-HAND MOTORISTS

July 22nd.

The doctor looked in on us to say good-bye; he is going to Boscolungo for the summer with his family. The car we are going to buy once belonged to him; he says it is a good one to climb, and he wishes he had it back. This has made us resolve to have it more than ever.

E. talks of extending our tour, and going on to England *via* Belgium, the Rhine, and the Hook of Holland. Should we do this we shall not be back before the end of September. It will be delightful if we carry it out—E. is very sanguine about getting enough money. To-day he has been down at the garage helping to renovate the car; there are several parts of it that have to be renewed.

It is curious what a lot you have to learn before you can travel in foreign lands. For instance, in any country excepting England a heavy duty must be paid on the automobile at the frontier; on passing out again it is returned. To save trouble most motorists obtain a *tryptich* from an international agency; they deposit at the agency a sum of money equal to the duties of all the countries

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to be passed through. But we shall not be able to raise enough money to do that.

Evening.

We have got the money at last, and some to spare. I have always felt that my old emerald set prevented people from being interested in me for my own sake. When E. heard that it had been disposed of, he nearly wept; but he has had to acknowledge that there was nothing else to do. Even so, there is not enough to procure the *tryptich* for the automobile; we must take the money with us.

“The hard part of it is that all customs are payable in gold; then, when you come out of the country, they return it to you in paper. It is their dastardly way of making a profit,” E. said.

“Isn't the paper as good as gold to buy things with,” I asked.

“You always lose on the exchange,” he said. “And then we have to buy gold again for the next customs.”

“How much duty shall we have to pay on a little car like ours?”

“Austria demands over forty pounds. The others much less.”

SECOND-HAND MOTORISTS

Finally we have agreed to take forty-five pounds in Austrian gold, and money for other expenses in German banknotes. For some unexplained reason there is no German gold to be had. It is to be hoped that no brigands will set upon us in that No-Man's Land which sometimes lies between two countries, and murder us for the sake of our wealth.

We shall be off as soon as we can get ready. I went down to the garage to see our little car to-day; it really looks very comfortable; also its appearance is such that it will not raise great anticipations in the breasts of innkeepers. To-morrow we shall be able to make a trial of it; we shall take our supper and climb the hills behind Settignano.

Meanwhile I am frightfully busy deciding what to take with us. E. as usual wants all the space he can get for tools and odds-and-ends; he could almost make a second motor out of the spares he says it will be necessary to carry with us. One thing I have determined, and that is that the pump shall not live at the back of my seat; there is a piece of it that sticks out and hurts.

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July 27th.

This morning the weather was glorious, and we started in high spirits. Most of the inhabitants of our street crowded to see us off. Our one domestic, denominated "The Faithful," because we can never get rid of her, stood at the door dropping tears on my waterproof.

"It will be a great pleasure to see my Signore back again," she said. "The days are long without them."

"Don't let the tower fall into the river," we said to cheer her up.

This is being written while E. is underneath the car trying to find something to tinker. Being a new car, he is longing to take it to pieces and see how it goes round. Fortunately there was not time for him to do this between the purchase and the start; it was a great relief to me that the time was so short.

We have just had lunch in this chestnut-wood, which makes a pleasant summer dining-room. Hiding away in the hills there is a group of towers. The prickly burrs of the chestnuts are all over the place—not the ripe ones, but those that are eaten by insects or

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blown down by wind. The ones that are left need another month of sunshine before they can be gathered and stored for the winter.

Just as we were coming away from the door this morning E. said:

“ Oh, do you mind having the pump at the back of your seat. It will be so handy—our front tyres are very bad.”

But we contrived in the end to find another place for it.

To-night and part of to-morrow we shall spend at Boscolungo with the doctor and his family.

July 28th.

We had a pleasant time at Boscolungo. The evening was spent in gathering wild strawberries and whortleberries in the woods. As a rule, in other places one gets a strawberry here and there, but at Boscolungo one cannot step without treading on them. It is almost four thousand feet above sea-level, and therefore gets quite cold even in this month of July. I sat in my motor-coat all the evening, the change was so great from the almost tropical heat of Florence—forty-five miles away.

VAL D'ADIGE, JULY 29

Just as we were taking leave of him the doctor said:

“Have you read the papers the past week?”

“No, we have been too busy getting off,” I said.

“They say that Austria is going to war with Servia; you may not be allowed to cross the frontier,” he said.

“Well—then we will come back and gather whortleberries with the children.”

July 29th.

Here, where the Adige flows tranquilly through granite portals down to Verona, the air is almost too warm. On either side of us the rocks rise sharply, crowned by white forts which look harmless enough from this point of view. Yet in this defile, furnished only by the broad river and the road, they could keep an army at bay. It is the great gateway of the Val d'Adige, and its doors are cannons' mouths.

Last night we slept at Roverebella, one of those places which nobody ever stays at but ourselves. It was an immense and ancient inn, but cheap and good in a quite Italian

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way. We have been rather longer on the road than we expected, owing to one of our old tyres getting punctured. This has occurred twice, but fortunately the breakdown has been in pleasant places. All the same, I am wondering whether it was real economy to start with two tyres in bad condition.

It is a hot and lazy afternoon without a cloud in the sky. The bees are making a great fuss about a candelabra of the Madonna which they have discovered on a bank close by; it is branched and blossomed enough to please even a very particular insect. Their buzzing reminds me of the airship we saw at Verona this morning. I was buying peaches and figs in the market when we heard the all-pervading hum; looking up, we could see the great beetle-thing shining in the sun as if covered with metal. It seemed to be making for the Tyrol.

“It is going to see what Austria is doing,” said the fruit-man.

The people who sold us petrol seemed to think we might be stopped on the frontier. If so, we can but turn back. I cannot see what a little war with Servia has to do with

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two modest travellers in a shabby motor-car; if it were a Rolls-Royce with a resplendent chauffeur we might attract some attention.

Half an hour ago when we were eating lunch E. said, with his mouth half full of ham:

“ I wonder if anyone up in the forts is looking at us with field-glasses.”

“ If so, it will make them hungry.”

“ Thirsty. The weather is hot, and this Verona wine is good.”

“ Don't go photographing or anything of that kind—they might take us for spies,” he added.

“ They would be a long time getting down. There doesn't seem to be any proper road.”

“ Bullets would travel quickly,” he said.

Then we both laughed at the thought of being taken for spies in peaceable Italy. At that moment a man appeared walking towards us from some hidden path in the rock. He seemed to have a gun on his shoulder, and we thought he was a patrol come to see what we were doing. On nearer view he turned out to be a *contadino* with an honest spade. He stayed to wish us “ Buon’

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appetito," and we apologized for not having enough left of our meal to offer him. But would he do us the favour of getting himself a cup of coffee at our expense. I suppose this is encouraging mendicity—and so it would be in any other country. Here the *contadino* accepts it in such a way that you feel he has conferred a favour on you. You also feel that it is only because you are such delightful people that he accepts this sign of good-fellowship; it is not his usual habit, and he will probably never do it again. So everybody is complimented.

If we are going to dine in Austria to-night we had better start.

I must go and dig E. out from under the motor.

Later.

The tyre has given out again, or rather got another puncture. This time the place selected is unpleasantly alive with mosquitoes. We have just crossed the valley over an extremely lengthy bridge made of boats; the rushing water underneath, seen through the planks, gave one a curious feeling of insecurity.

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“ Oh, hang the mosquitoes ! Get away, you little beasts ! ”

There was no difficulty whatever about getting over the frontier. About two miles after we parted from Italy we came to a mean village street with small houses on each side; from one of these hung a board on which was the usual exhortation to stop. An official with a beard and an expression quite unlike the Italian kind came out to look at our papers. He wore the sort of cap that is seen in old illustrations of the Battle of Waterloo; his manner was quite patriarchal.

“ Have you any news about war ? ” we asked in Italian.

“ I have heard nothing about war, but they speak of the army being mobilized, ” he said.

He added that he had received no orders to prevent people passing through, especially when they paid him a lump sum of gold. He smiled as he handed us our receipt.

“ Since you are not afraid you may proceed, ” he said.

If Austria is bent on supplying us with these agile and nippy mosquitoes, I wish I had not come.

CHAPTER II

THE TRENTINO

SALURN, *July 30th.*

Our experience of wayside inns is unusually extensive, and this one, both for comfort and cheapness, compares with the best. This room contains everything that can be desired in the way of solid and unpretentious convenience: the beds are just right, neither too hard nor, what is almost as bad, too soft. A little short perhaps—E. hung over a bit at the end.

We shall start off again in about an hour. The motor is being oiled up with a view to a possibly hard climb over the Brenner Pass. It is sitting in the yard below in company with enough barrels of wine to supply an army. They stand pile on pile all over the yard, in the enormous shed, and in every corner of the smaller outhouses.

We came through Trent yesterday—a delightful old town with many memories of

SALURN, JULY 30

conventions. The cathedral seemed rather small after the great buildings of France and Italy; I don't know how many Cardinals and Bishops used to meet and argue there, but they must have been packed in somewhat closely. We liked its austereness and simplicity; there were one or two good early pictures on the walls. The most unusual features were two curious stairways running diagonally up till they reached the roof.

A number of officers were strolling in the piazza or gathered in groups on the pavements; their uniforms looked very neat and new, and varied greatly in colour and decoration. In most cases the cut and the style were those of the old coloured prints. The fact that women's headgear of the present day remotely copies the same period added to the old-world effect; it was difficult to believe that we had not been transplanted a century back.

Even the motor-car did not seem so very much out of place in the picture. It came on to rain, so we put up the abrupt little hood which just covers the two seats. Under it we sat ensconced like a century-back

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farmer and his wife in their market gig. It is probable that we ourselves looked quite in keeping with the air of the place: E. insists on wearing a Quaker-brimmed grey felt, while my veil tied under the chin is not unlike an old-fashioned bonnet.

We received a serious shock when we stopped to buy petrol about ten miles farther on; a tin of spirit costing ten francs in Florence comes to no less than sixteen here. The man who supplied it said the cost had not gone up; it was the usual price paid by motorists. We were surprised at this, as Hungary is daily reported to be pumping up tons of petroleum, and it seems to be worth nothing judging by the interest paid by the oil companies. What with the customs and the price of petrol Austria lays a heavy hand on the motorist. Probably she is fond of horses; those we have seen drawing heavy loads are excellent.

We had found a village on the map called St. Michel, and decided that we would stop there for the night. The place did not look inviting, but as it was getting dusk we drew up before a gaunt old inn on the road-side.

SALURN, JULY 30

Inside was a lad sawing planks; he shook his head when I spoke Italian, so I fell back on my German.

“Haben sie ein zimmer mit zwei betten ?”

He did not understand.

“Zwei betten, zwei betts, zwei better !”

A very large smile illuminated him; he pointed to a dark entry.

Going boldly along the passage, I fell down a step into the kitchen, bare of everything excepting three wooden chairs and a stove. A woman and two children were drawn near the latter, making a luxurious meal off bread and beans. They were a most dismal-looking lot.

I repeated my efforts in German; the woman nodded, and got up from the stove, which was quite devoid of fire. She gave some orders to the children, and all of them ran about looking into corners and cupboards. Presently they found an end of candle, and we proceeded to make a tour of the place. There were eight rooms, all of them large, clean, and quite empty. Not a bed, not a stick of furniture of any description. The woman seemed, however, to have

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some excellent plan in her mind, if I had but been able to understand it.

E. was sitting in the car at the door waiting to see what luck. We all trooped down to him in procession.

“The place is quite empty,” I said, “but she seems to think we can stay all the same. Do you feel like sleeping on the floor?”

Just then the woman found a few words of Italian. We gathered that she had only just moved into the house. The furniture had not arrived; all the same, she was sure she could get a room ready for us in about half an hour.

“And something to eat?”

No, there was nothing to eat. But a most excellent restaurant found itself farther up the street.

We thought we had better first find the restaurant. It may have been hiding down some alley, but we could see no signs of it. It was not the kind of spot that would indulge in luxuries of that sort. E. gave a big sigh; he had been driving all day, and was tired and hungry.

“We must try the next place,” he said.

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It seemed a tremendous way before we came to the next village, but it appeared at last. There were two inns. One was small but picturesque, its front grown over with creepers; the other presented less outward attractions, but promised more inside. We decided to try the latter; we were too weary for experiment.

I went up a flight of steps and turned into the door of a large kitchen. A big, comfortable, clean woman came towards me. She had a ladle in her hand and her sleeves rolled up over her plump arms. I knew by her look we had fallen in clover.

She burst out laughing at the sight of me. I expect I looked a funny object in my old waterproof and tied-up head. When she had recovered sufficiently to listen, I tried the usual formula.

“Zwei betten, bitte.”

“Ya, ya.”

She had another crisis of laughing, but she understood. Also there was “etwas zu essen.” About a post for the motor-car she shook her head. Happily the idea came to me to take her plump arm and draw her to

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the window. Outside E. sat in the car by the village pump looking like patience.

“Automobilien?” I plunged. She laughed again; her red face shone all over.

“Ya, ya,” she answered. I ran out to E., and almost fell into the water-trough in my delight.

“Cheer up!” I said. “This is the inn of our dreams. Hot soup and schnitzeln and the sort of hostess one should always find in wayside places. We’re in luck.”

We were shown into this comfortable room to take off some of the travel-stains. And the cutlets we had for supper must have weighed a pound and a half each. We ate and ate, and still there was a whole cutlet left when we had had enough; they were good.

In the centre of the dining-room there was a large table, round which about fourteen men were sitting. They were dressed in tweeds, and looked like big farmers or wine-growers. Their ages ranged from forty to fifty, and they were evidently people of some standing in the neighbourhood. It struck us that they were discussing something of

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very serious import. We could not understand anything they said, but their faces gave us that impression. Even when one or two younger men joined them the gravity remained unbroken. I wonder whether the phylloxera has attacked the vines; I know that that is the most ruinous thing that can happen in a wine-growing country.

The maid has just brought me the bill; the entire amount is under ten francs for the two of us. She has brought also a delightfully quaint bottle with a handle, full of white wine. The cutlet we did not eat last night has been folded in clean paper ready for to-day's lunch.

Later.

The Adige as it flows through Verona is a broad and silent river, its swiftness uncharitable even to the flat-bottomed craft of Italy; here, nearer its cradle, it is more unmanageable still. A rushing, leaping torrent, plunging between its green and golden walls, it goes roaring down the valley to find freedom at the guarded doors of Italy. To-day, as yesterday, we are lunching near its pleasant bank.

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On the hillside above some peasants are watching us. A large and quite unfriendly dog punctuates each mouthful by sharp and angry barks. He is too far up to worry us much.

We got to Bozen at 11 a.m., and strolled about that most captivating little town. There were low arcades on either sides of the streets, and beneath them the dark little shops were quite well-filled and up to date. The working people, both men and women, wore linen aprons of a very deep blue, which they said were dyed in the town. We saw many men with ruck-sacks and alpenstocks; the shops were full of articles for mountain-eering.

After leaving the town we climbed a hill, and came into this mountain-surrounded valley. At one place, where the vineyards widened out, we came to a village decorated with flags and banners. At first we thought it must be the festival of a local saint, but the people we met had no sign of merry-making about them. There were hardly any women to be seen, and all were grave and quiet. Presently we came to a field where

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rows of horses stood patiently upon the grass. There were a few countrymen about, and one of them had laid his head upon his horse's neck; some officers stood under the trees.

"One might think it was a horse-fair," I said, "only the horses are not plaited and groomed to look their best, and there are no ribbons on them."

"No; they are commandeered for the army," E. said.

And then I understood why the men and horses looked so unhappy. Poor people! the harvest is nearly ready to be gathered, and after that the ploughs should be at work; but without their horses there will be scanty reaping for the year to come.

Farther on we came to the forts near Franzensfeste. For nearly a mile they threatened us, looking grim and square from every point of vantage. Should Italy ever try to take back the Trentino, it must be here that she will come to a full stop; the forts set in this narrow valley must be quite impregnable. It is to be hoped that these kindly people will be left to live peacefully under Austrian rule. The present genera-

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tion of this valley knows little of Italy; neither in language nor appearance have they anything in common with their forefathers' kingdom. It would be with Italy here, as it is with the Germans in Alsace and Lorraine—they would have a divided people, unrestful and unsatisfied.

As we left the forts we became aware that the road was filling with groups of men; some few of them we overtook, but for the most part they were coming towards us. Nearly all were field-labourers, simple, kindly-looking fellows, with the slow steps of those accustomed to the soil. At a distance each of them seemed to be provided with a disc of metal; on nearer view we found that this was a new and shining aluminium bowl holding perhaps three pints. Evidently this was the first part of their equipment for the army.

The thing that struck us most was their utter want of animation. They plodded along the road or sat in groups on the banks in an uncomplaining silence that resembled that of the horses we had seen a little way back. Scarcely any of them were talking,

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and none seemed to have the elasticity one would expect from their youth. Their paces expressed neither hope nor regret; they were parts of a vast machine set in motion for some reason unknown to them which they were unable either to accelerate or retard.

There must have been many hundreds of them; for nearly an hour they slogged past us. Then we came to a railway and crossed the line. After that we saw no more of them.

This is our first view of mobilization; it left us unutterably depressed.

CHAPTER III

THE WAR-DOG

July 30th. Night.

This inn is quite different from the one in which we spent last night. It is a big farmhouse on the roadside between Innsbruck and Zirl; its name, if it has other than the Golden Crown, we have not been able to find out. Inside there is a big kitchen and a bigger general room, which are used for all sorts of purposes by both hosts and visitors; there is also a "gast-zimmer," which rests in white table-cloths and solemnity, quite unused. Outside is a loggia with plants and flowers, where we had supper. We had also a good view of the cows and other domestic animals.

The motor is sitting in the barn with the farm-waggon. It came up the Brenner in its best up-to-date manner, just as if it had been brand-new and had cost a thousand pounds. We are very pleased to find it

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suits us so well. Certainly it is rather asthmatical on lowest speed, and even sings a little on top. But that is rather to the good than otherwise; it saves the horn and warns people out of the way. I do dislike those slippery noiseless millionaires' automobiles that run over one without letting one know anything about it.

All the Brenner villages are full of summer visitors. The little tables outside the cafés were crowded with people drinking tea or lager beer. It seems to be the custom to walk from one village to the other, staying a night here and there. We passed whole families taking holidays in this way: the youngest and the parcels wheeled in turn by father and mother; the elder boys with rucksack and bicycle, and the little ones with their toys. The hostels were numerous and probably cheap; it seemed a very healthy and happy way of spending a week or two. We had tea in a village street composed solely of restaurants and inns. There were many holiday-makers out talking, and taking photographs of a depressing statue of Liberty, or perhaps it was Justice, that

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stood near. They also photographed us and the car with its little hood, which was still up. Altogether we felt we were adding to the entertainment. It was good to come across this cheerful holiday life after meeting the bands of uncomplaining conscripts near Franzensfeste.

We bade good-bye to the baby Adige near the top of the Brenner Pass. It was then a narrow brook, boiling and foaming as usual, and always in a hurry. Coming down on the other side the road was very steep and badly graded; it improved as we neared Innsbruck, where we intended to stay the night and get some news.

That city, however, did not come up to our expectations. It looked very like the usual manufacturing town as we came down the hill towards it, and a nearer view was not more sympathetic. No sooner had we come into the broad central street than we were assailed by a lad on a bicycle.

“Garage! garage!” he shouted at us.

We turned into a narrow lane, where we thought we might find some old-fashioned inn; the bicycle fiend pursued us. We tried

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another one, and were again followed. A second boy on a cycle joined in the fun; they wheeled round us and got in the way, shouting "Garage!" all the time. I began to be afraid E. would run one of them down—he was so angry.

Presently we came back into the main street. We noticed that it was full of groups talking eagerly. The whole place seemed in a state of intense excitement. Many people stood in the middle of the street reading newspapers; neither trams nor motors disturbed them. Sometimes we caught the word "Krieg"; the women were as excited as the men.

Meanwhile the bicycle fiends were still hovering round us. Between them and the traffic and the crowds I became very nervous.

"Let us get out of this and get on to some village," I said. "The next place on the map is Zirl—it cannot be very far distant. Get out and ask a policeman which way to turn."

"It will be just as well—I don't like this place," E. said.

After some difficulty he found an official

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who directed him which way to go. The fiends stayed with me, and I told them all the unpleasant things I could think of about boys. As I talked in English they were reduced to silence; there is nothing that makes a boy so mad as talking perseveringly to him in a language he does not understand; he feels intensely that he ought to.

When E. came back we started off again, fiends and all. It was not until we crossed the river and turned round on our tracks to Zirl that they understood that we wanted nothing of them and their noisy town. We felt that we would rather sit under our hood all night by the roadside than have anything to do with Innsbruck.

We seemed to go for miles down a long avenue of trees. All the time the dusk was falling, and the mountains got more and more distant under a thin grey mist. We did not meet a soul—it is probable that most of the inhabitants had gone into the city after news. Suddenly at the end of the avenue we came on this inn; it looked homely and simple. We stopped, and found they could take us in.

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The eating difficulty was got over quickly; the waitress looked at us with a smile, and said, "Amaneggs," to which we agreed warmly.

We were eager to ask her what was the excitement in Innsbruck—if it was about the War. But language proved a difficulty.

Besides ham-and-eggs we had one of those big delicious cutlets. We must make "The Faithful" experiment on one when we return to Florence. But I dare say we shall regret it; there are certain dishes and people that are only good in their native places.

We were sitting under the loggia eating, as only travellers can eat, when a most unusual incident occurred. Out from the door of the inn fronting us suddenly backed a magnificent young lion. We saw the tuft of his tail coming towards us in the dusk, then a lithe, yellow body, followed by a glimpse of a heavy, tawny mane. We could not see the head; it remained in the obscurity of the doorway. The great beast stayed a moment in this position, then it withdrew its limbs over the door-sill as if someone inside had called to it, and disappeared again.

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E. put down his fork with a piece of cutlet on it and looked at me.

“ I have only had half a tankard,” he said, “ yet strange beasts are before my eyes.”

“ I haven't had anything—but I see them just the same,” I said.

“ Are we in an Austrian valley, or are we in the jungles of Africa ?”

“ It's the war-dog. He has been unloosed to-day in this country, and has taken shape.”

We removed our chairs to the farthest side of the table, and kept an eye on the door. Presently there looked round the door-post the head and mild eyes of an immense St. Bernard.

“ Come along, old fellow ; you will be useful as a defender,” I said.

Then the mystery was solved. As he came slowly towards us we could see that, with the exception of his massive head, his feet, and his tail, he had been closely cropped all over. The effect was leonine in the extreme, his shaven limbs were beautiful. We called him, and he condescendingly ate the remains of our bread. As he stood by the table his back was above the level of it.

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After we had finished he lay down in the porch and gazed at us, as we thought, affectionately. We moralized a little.

“After all,” said E., “he is the War-Dog. He is the prototype of the conscript—a patient animal in the uniform of force, not to mention savagery. And underneath the kindness the will to do his best.”

“For scraps of bread,” I added. We do not often go on like this, but Innsbruck had tired us; we were not ourselves. The remembrance of the poor Trentinos plodding along the dusty road could not be got out of our heads.

We went into the big general room after supper. At one end was a round table, where several men, including our host, sat playing cards. There was a large flask of red wine before them, and every now and then the women went and looked over their shoulders to see how the game was going. A pretty dark girl and two children sat at another table. In the farther corner was a party of young Germans from Munich dining and joking with each other. Men from the farm sat on various benches with their bread

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and cheese and beer. It seems that the Austrians in their valleys have many customs that we have left behind in the years ago. The old English inns, or perhaps the baronial hall—for this is an immense room such as we rarely see in our own country—must have presented some such appearance. That other customs of feudal ages, and very unfortunate ones, still linger was proved to us as we entered the room.

Most of the tables were occupied by several people, and at first there seemed no room for us. Just by the door a labourer, a simple-looking man with a red beard, was sitting alone, his stoup of beer on the table in front of him. Seeing that there were vacant seats beside him, we sat down to observe what was going on. Instantly the son of the host, a man of about thirty, came towards us from the card-table and ordered the man into the kitchen. He did it in the manner one would drive away an unpleasant cur; the labourer retreating before him snarled back in the helpless desperate way that a cur would have done. We were crushed to the ground by the misery of the thing, and the thought that

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we had been the cause of such an affront to the self-respect of the man. As he retreated through the kitchen-door E. went after him, apologizing as best he could and begging him to return. I think he understood how sorry we were, for he nodded, but he came back to fetch his beer and went into the kitchen. Meanwhile I was expostulating with the young landlord. The incident did not cause any attention; it was evidently not unusual. We settled down after a while and tried to forget it.

There were a good many children and young people about; sometimes they overflowed from the kitchen, where many people seemed busy clearing up. They seemed like one big family — children, grandchildren, nephews, and nieces. The numerous serving-maids were of all ages, from girls of twelve to women of sixty; probably they belong to more distant and poorer branches of the family. They come in to help and get a meal.

The pretty girl left the children and came over to us. We were very glad, for she spoke Italian well, though with a

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German accent; she had been educated in the Veneto.

“Once everybody spoke Italian here,” she told us. “Now they have forgotten. It is difficult to think in two languages.”

We begged her to go to the man in the kitchen and apologize for us, but she declined.

“He won’t think any more about it,” she said, “and my grandmother would be angry if I interfered.”

“But it was our fault—we took his table; he was sent away unjustly.”

“My uncle is quick-tempered. He will make up to-morrow. They will perhaps give the man some meat.”

“Are you all relations here, Signorina?”

“There are a great many of us—children and grandchildren. We always come with our grandparents to spend the summer. One of my aunts lives in Germany, another in Innsbruck—I really do not know how many cousins I have. But we all come here for several months in warm weather. That is my grandmother coming in from the kitchen; she always sees that everything is done. Now she will sit by grandfather and watch

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the cards. It is my little cousin Heinrich, the one with the fair hair; she always has some sweets for him. The babies have been put to bed."

Meanwhile the Germans at the corner table, who were not relations, produced a guitar and began to sing. They carolled light and cheerful snatches, each prompting the other. One of the daughters of the house brought a zither; we found we were to have a musical evening. The round table went on playing cards. Sometimes one of the men would beat time with his unoccupied hand on the table. The Signorina took up her embroidery. Occasionally one of her aunts came to us in passing and said something hospitable which she translated.

There was an animated discussion between the zither and the guitar. They struck up a waltz, a Strauss, one helping out the other. One of the Germans crossed the room, clicked his heels, made a stiff bow, and asked our Signorina to favour him. They danced very well, but we wished they had done something with local colour.

When we retired everyone came to shake

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hands and say good-night. The comfortable grandmother attempted a speech in Italian, but broke off laughing. We were escorted down the passage by the lion; he was still there when we put out our boots. I believe he was trying to assure us that if the snow came and buried us in the night, he was ready and waiting to dig us out.

CHAPTER IV

THE HOSTAGE

THE FERN PASS, *July 31st.*

A few minutes ago the motor had a violent fit of asthma. E. thought it best to stop at once to find out what is the matter; he is now prodding it inside and messing himself up with oil. Meanwhile this bank, though rather damp, is not a bad place to sit upon; there is a garden of bluebells and small golden flowers close at hand that would delight the heart of a fairy.

As breakfast appeared rather late this morning we did not get away as soon as we wished. It was probably owing to the difficulty of making ourselves understood rather than any fault of the people at the inn. They were only too wishful to do anything we wanted, and we parted from them with regret. We must make another journey up these valleys next season; it will not be very far to come. In spite of its asthma the

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little car will last some years. It is of a make that does not give up easily.

The waitress had a private conversation with E. before we left. How they managed to understand each other I don't know, but she told him a bit of her history. She was not of these parts, and had only come because her health had not been good and she required mountain air. Before this she had a place in quite a fashionable hotel; it was one of our countrymen who had taught her "amaneggs." Once upon a time she had also known "cauliflower." She regretted very much the educational advantages of her last post.

It rained a little when we started, but we were quite comfortable under the hood. When we came to Zirl we found there were two ways to get into Germany; the first, by way of Scharnitz, was only about thirty-five kilometres. So short a distance was tempting, as it would have allowed us to get to Munich for tea; on the other hand, it appeared from description to be an almost perpendicular climb. We have tremendous belief in the power of our car, but in this

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instance we decided not to put it to the proof. Also the longer way round, over the Fern Pass, had been described to us as particularly beautiful.

Our lunch to-day has not been a great success. Naturally, everything at the inn had been eaten up last night by the numerous family. We got some bread and our flask was refilled with wine—that anchorite fare—and a piece of very stale sponge-cake we had bought in Florence, was all we had. My attempts to buy a tin of sardines or a sausage at the villages we have passed were unsuccessful. E. found one wild strawberry, and presented it to me on its leaf, as dessert.

We are glad we took the Fern Pass, instead of attempting the difficult Scharnitz. The way we have just come up is magnificent. We climbed and curved among the pines, and as we rose there dropped below a chain of the most wonderful green lakes, with a depth and beauty of colour that is impossible to describe. The mountains looked down at them and at us.

E. has found out what has been the matter

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with the motor. He has poured oil down its throat and says there will be no more asthma.

NO MAN'S LAND, 5 *p.m.*

Sitting by the roadside again! But this time it is the usual thing—our untrustworthy near front tyre has failed again as usual.

There is always a desolate feeling about the neutral zone between two countries; it has a goblin, almost a portentous, air, like that of a deserted house. You feel that anything might happen of a curdling sort. The ghosts of those who have no citizenship have the right to haunt these places, with the spirits of unfrocked priests to minister to them.

A river of pebbles lies on our left, forsaken of the ripple and sunshine of water. An unknown orchid gathered near its bank had a mauve-grey fragility in harmony with the place.

But the evening is beautiful. A breeze is coming down from the rose-tipped mountains, and I am quite content to sit and scribble. E. says he doesn't like so much devotion to a mere day-book, that the motor-car and himself are being neglected. All the same, I am

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glad I filled up my pen at the family inn last night; the ink is as ghostly and pale as the neutral zone itself, but so much has happened to-day that should be written when fresh in the memory.

I have never been kept as hostage on the frontier before. It sounds quite thrilling when written down, but as a matter of fact it came about very naturally.

We had crossed over the Fern Pass into a flat valley, and were turning round the mountains into Germany, when E., who had been silent for a long while, said to me:

“ I am afraid we are in a hole—I don't see any town where we are likely to get gold. We ought to have stayed at Innsbruck last night; there are plenty of banks there.”

“ But we were driven out by the bicycle fiends.”

“ We ought to be stronger-minded. I wish I had run down one of the little brutes. If we don't get to a fair-sized place before we come to the frontier, we shall be stopped.”

Here was a quandary. We had German paper money galore, and would have a big sum more from the Austrian frontier as we

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passed through, but that also would be paper. The whole theory of customs is to make it as difficult as possible for things to get into the country. Anything more medieval than to go about with pockets full of gold when there are banks and bankers cannot be imagined.

We looked at the map; there was no place of any size between Zirl and Garmish. Our map was an old one and the boundaries were badly defined; we could not make out whether Garmish was in Austria or Germany. However, it was a long way back to Zirl.

“ We must take our chance. Let us hope we shall find Garmish on this side of the frontier,” E. said.

We were passing through a jolly piece of country—all woods and blue heather-bells. The latter grew in thick masses tangled together—woven carpets of the most delicate blue. The short roads that went off towards the railway behind the woods were placarded with notices. One read like “ Stand at the horse’s head ”; not so bad for a rural district.

Suddenly, on the right-hand side of the way appeared a suspended board with the disconcerting legend: “ Zollamt.”

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"Oh, where is Garmish?" E. said.

"We can't have passed it without seeing it."

"I am afraid it is on the other side of the border."

We came to a stop under the board. The usual fatherly Austrian in a beard and old print *kepi* appeared. We showed him our papers and demanded repayment of duty; he seemed surprised. Fortunately for us he had a fair smattering of Italian.

"Have you no tryptich?" he asked.

"We paid duty in gold instead," E. said.

"I am sorry, Signore, but I am unable to return it; this barrier is one of the least important. We do not often have large sums of money in hand."

"What do you advise us to do?"

"I can give you an order on the frontier at Scharnitz. They will have the money there."

"Very well, if you will be so kind." He went away to get the order.

From about ten yards farther, on our left, appeared another official, not so fatherly and in the usual peaked cap. It appeared that he was the custodian of the German frontier.

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Being rather far away from a village they have the two custom-houses near together, so that the officers shall not be dull.

“ Can I see your tryptich ?” he asked.

“ We have no tryptich, and I am sorry to say we have no gold. We thought that we should be able to get some at Garmish,” E. explained.

“ But Garmish is fifteen kilometres over the border, and I am not permitted to let you pass without payment,” the German said politely.

We all three looked at each other, waiting for suggestions. Austria, having finished splashing with ink on our papers, came out and joined us.

“ Are you not able to accept German notes, allowing us to pay a small sum over ?” E. said; but he knew the answer: “ We are not permitted.”

This was most distressful, but we had not the least intention of turning back to Zirl. At the same time it did not seem safe to run over the German official and get through without payment. Then an idea came to me.

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“ Do ask this gentleman if he will allow me to remain here as hostage, while you go to Garmish and get some gold,” I said.

Both Austria and Germany were very much amused, but they did not decline the arrangement. They only said my luggage must remain too. I suppose they had the kind thought that if E. never returned I should at least have night-clothes and other necessaries; it was just what one might expect of such fatherly men. I watched the little car disappear into a strange country. Meanwhile what could be done to pass time? Less inviting places than either of the Zoll houses are rarely to be found. All round was the green valley and the blue heather-bells, but my honourable feelings as a hostage forbade me to risk losing myself in the woods. A long bench ran beneath one of the buildings. I laid myself on it, with my bag under my head, and tried to sleep.

At first it was impossible to attain my object. Through my veil I watched a large car come up supplied with a first-class tryptich which allowed it to pass without trouble. Then a man came out of the German Zoll

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attired in a very tight-fitting green uniform, with a rifle over his shoulder. He walked up and down the road for a minute, keeping me under observation. He seemed to think I was only pretending to sleep, that I might at any moment slip off into the woods and so to Garmish to join E. and the motor, and he made up his mind to prevent it if possible.

After a short time he seemed to be convinced of my honourable feelings, and went away into the meadows to shoot birds. The next thing that happened was E. uncovering my face.

“ You have been quick.”

“ Thirty kilometres in thirty - eight minutes ! The car can go if you let her,” he said proudly. “ I wonder what the speed-limit is in Germany ?”

He paid over the gold to the custodian ; it was a relief to find it was only eight pounds. In addition, we took out a licence to use the German roads for five days at the rate of tenpence per day.

“ We can take it out for longer in Munich. We don't want to bind ourselves to remain in Germany,” E. observed.

NO MAN'S LAND, JULY 31

When the custodian gave us the receipt for our money, he handed us yet another paper.

“That is the note to the Zoll master at Mittenwald,” he said. “He will allow you to pass to Scharnitz, and to repass into Germany without further trouble.”

We thanked him for making it easy for us. Both the officials stood laughing in the roadway as we came off.

After about ten kilometres of silence I said to E.:

“Is there anything to eat at Garmish?”

“Plenty. It is one of those summer places—all inns and restaurants.”

This was good news. That piece of stale sponge-cake seemed very far away. We stopped at the first café we came to and had tea; the cakes were unusually good. The motor also had a feed; it was a pleasure to find that the price of petrol had gone down.

We grieved to think we must first circle round the frontier in search of Scharnitz, where we were to have our Austrian motor-tax returned; this meant folding back by the way we had come. The road in cases

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of this kind seems unending; the scenery was not exciting enough to hold our attention. At last we came to Mittenwald, on the German frontier. We presented our letter to the Herr Zoll master, and he kindly allowed us to proceed.

This piece of No Man's Land is several miles broad; Scharnitz lies directly under the pass. When we got there, we found the Zoll master's china pipe lying on a bench; he himself was nowhere to be seen. We blew the horn, and the usual fatherly type appeared, with a little child in his arms. One doesn't expect this sort of thing from the custodians of a country's frontier.

He had the money all right—in nice clean paper notes. While he was counting them out, helped by the baby, I looked up and saw on a board, "Innsbruck, thirty-five miles."

"Is the pass very steep?" we asked the Zoll master.

He looked at our small car.

"It is as well that you do not attempt it; at places the grade is one in four."

We wished him good-evening, and turned

NO MAN'S LAND, JULY 31

back. About half-way the tyre sunk down: no chance of getting to Munich to-night. E., however, says I do not know the powers of his car; he is a sanguine creature.

It appears to me that we have been here a long time; we seem to be the only people going towards Mittenwald. Two big cars went by Scharnitz way ten minutes ago at high speed; they were waving huge flags, and shouted something at us as they rushed past. We did not hear what they said.

The tyre is mended at last; now for Munich.

CHAPTER V

THE MEN IN GREEN

KOCHEL, *August 1st.*

When I wrote down that anything might happen in No Man's Land, my intuition was not at fault. An adventure did occur to us, although not of the kind I had been dreaming of. There was nothing uncanny or ghostly about it whatever; it was of the able-bodied, tight-uniform variety, mixed up with rifles and moustaches—the sort of thing that two people doddering about with orchids and rotten tyres in a neutral zone ought to have expected.

But here I am wrong. It was the sort of adventure no one could have expected, more especially an old-fashioned couple who do not read newspapers, and have no connection with the affairs of principalities.

We got into the car and set off comfortably for Mittenwald, about two miles away. As we approached the village, we were surprised to see a company of soldiers in the same

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admirably fitting green uniform that I have noticed once before, all armed with the same kind of business-looking rifles. They were engaged in directing some labourers to draw waggons across our track, with the evident intention of preventing us from passing. Beyond them were more labourers, digging up the road as fast as they could. There was nothing to do but stop.

Several green uniforms detached themselves from the mass and came towards us. One of them held up his hand—a quite unnecessary proceeding, as we could not get over the waggons.

The conversation that ensued between the German officers and ourselves was fragmentary and unconvincing. They spoke nothing but German; we attacked them in Italian and French. Their meaning was plain enough to us—they pointed to the way we had come.

“We cannot permit you to pass—you must return to Austria.”

E. made an effort of memory, and found a few phrases of school-German.

“But, Meinherr, we have already entered

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your country. We merely went to Scharnitz to get some money."

"We do not understand you—you must go back. Our orders are to let no one pass this way."

Here was a predicament. Behind was a mountain pass, fit only for a sixty horse power car; in front was a regiment of green-clothed, implacable soldiers. We bid fair to stay with the ghosts of No Man's Land for the rest of our lives. Of course, we might abandon the car, but we did not think of that for a moment.

Meanwhile a wide and deepening trench was getting all across the road in front. The men were working hard, while the green-clothed officers directed them; they brought up iron bars as long as telegraph-poles, and prepared to erect a barricade.

E. showed his papers to the officer, who got most frightfully confused with our explanations. He took the papers in his hand and turned them over.

"I do not understand. You are English, yet you are travelling under Italian credentials. You say you have passed the

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German barrier, but we find you coming from the Scharnitz Pass."

He was so puzzled that we felt quite sorry for him. Another thing he could not understand was that we were both so cheerful about it. There are so few genuine adventures to be had in these days that we were grateful for this one. We were thoroughly enjoying it, if he had only known; perhaps he suspected, for we were smiling down at him from under the hood like two gargoyles.

He had another look at the papers, and came across the one that permitted us to use the German roads for five days.

"I do not understand," he said again. A younger man came to help him—a much more unyielding-looking officer. He addressed us sternly after reading the permit.

"Where did you get this?"

"At Grisen."

"But you are coming from Scharnitz."

That was the whole point. We were in one place, when our papers made it evident that we should have been in another. We had not enough German to explain to them the difficulty about getting our Austrian

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motor-tax returned. It was clear to them that we were not what we seemed. In their view we were two suspicious persons of English nationality in an Italian car, with a forged permit to use the German roads. When we talked it over afterwards we were astonished at their patience.

“ We must request you to turn round and leave the country at once,” said the elder man. He was anxious to get us off his mind before anything happened. If we persisted in not following his advice, it would be his duty to arrest us, and where he should put us he could not conceive. It is very likely that the barracks were only small ones, just large enough for himself and his men, and without any accommodation for a lady.

The young officer had no scruples at all; he thought we ought to be shot at once, and our heads put on pikes at the top of the barricade. He was, however, so well drilled that he did not put his opinion before that of his superior officer. And there we sat, wasting their valuable time, and evidently without any intention of turning back.

“ It is quite impossible for us to return to

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Austria this way. Our car has not enough power," E. found words to say; they came out in jerks, but he was understandable.

They did not believe him in the least; the car appeared small, but in these days there are powerful motors that are quite feeble to look at. E. got down and opened the hood; he showed them the little cylinders, tried to explain the size of the bore, and demonstrated, as far as he could, how powerless our engines were for any unusual grade. They tried in their serious way to follow the explanations, but they could not get his meaning. Neither of them understood the inside of a motor; had it been the inside of a horse, it would have been quite clear.

All this time the labourers on the road were working with might and main. Big shovelfuls of earthy gravel were being thrown up in a ridge. The trench was getting wider and deeper; it would soon be impossible to pass. Something had to be done. Slipping down from the car I got by the waggons, and passed the barrier unmolested; the officers and E. were too busy trying to understand each other to notice my absence.

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The village of Mittenwald was some hundreds of yards beyond; the Zoll house was half-way down its picturesque street. Luckily, the Zoll master, who had been friendly to us earlier in the day when we had passed him on our way to Scharnitz, was standing in the middle of the road reading an official-looking paper. I was out of breath with running, and could not speak for a moment. When I did address him, it was chiefly in English.

“ Oh, Herr Zoll master, the officers have stopped us. Will you come and tell them we are all right—that you gave us permission to pass this way ?”

I gripped him by the arm and turned towards the barrier. He took my meaning at once.

“ Ach so !” he said. He went to the Zoll house for a moment and locked up his papers. Then he set off with long swinging strides, and me trotting behind him.

When we reached the barricade, he said something to the labourers; they stopped digging, and watched to see what would happen. E. was standing by the car with

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the elder officer; the young one was examining our belongings. He lifted the lid of the Japanese basket and looked inside; on the top were a pair of goloshes. That seemed to satisfy him; he put the lid on again.

The Herr Zoll master explained everything, and after that there was no more adventure. We had never seen anyone look so relieved as the elder officer did when he found it was no longer his duty to arrest us. He might have had to give up his bed to me. They both said they regretted the incident, and we parted in the most friendly manner. I hoped they would present arms when we passed the barricade, but they did not.

We shall always remember Mittenwald.

One thing we did understand. As we came away one of the officers said:

“ I do not think you will leave Germany in five days.”

“ I wonder what he meant,” E. said, making the car bound forward triumphantly to compensate for the delay.

“ Do you think Russia has declared war against Austria, and Germany is joining in ?” I asked.

THE MEN IN GREEN

“Possibly. But I don’t understand why they are destroying the Scharnitz road. The Russians won’t come over that pass. The Germans are allied with Austria and Italy, the only countries that lie that way.”

“Beware of your friends, I suppose.”

We did not get farther than Kochel last night. The dusk fell on us when we were still thirty kilometres from Munich. We came through a beautiful piece of green country, with the Bavarian hills to the right of us. In the woods I got out of the car to gather some ferns and flowers of a species unknown to me. There was a shrub loaded with berries of a wonderful crimson, and a pallid, curiously smelling herb that ought by rights to grow on the neutral zone.

As we passed through the many villages that are on the lakes, we saw people gathering in little crowds; they were talking earnestly, and some of the elder women were weeping. One nice old thing in a white apron was sobbing as if her heart would break; a tall young man, evidently her son, was trying to comfort her. The girls

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no longer waved their hands at us as they had done all along the valleys.

This is a summer hotel, quite unlike the homely places, half inn, half farm, that we have hitherto stayed in. It is very comfortable, and has a beautiful view of the lake. The dining-room is festooned with wreaths and decorated with elaborate designs in bay and laurel as if it were Christmas.

There is no laughing and talking, though there are several children about. The host, a kindly man of about forty, looks as if he were under sentence of death. While we were having supper, one of the women came and sat with us; she spoke a little English.

“Is Germany going to war?” E. asked.

“Yes,” she said, “the news has come this evening. All our men up to forty-five are called up.”

We knew without telling why our host was looking so sad. We could see the family table through the doorway; they were all sitting round, while one of the little girls read the paper aloud. Her father sat with his head on his hand; he was expecting an order to join his corps.

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It must be very hard for the elder men, after all the years of peace. The young rush to arms gallantly enough in this country, where they have been brought up on the maxims of a warring and winning nation. The others have put their martial fire into their labour for home and children; they go because they must, and their wives of many peaceful years must watch them go.

We are very sad for them—all the more that we have not the words to express it.

When we came up to bed, E. said suddenly:

“If Germany and Austria are at war with Russia, what about France and England?”

“Are they bound to join in?”

“I don’t quite know what their compact with Russia means. Anyhow, things are stirring. We ought to get to Munich early and find out. Perhaps they will order all the French and English to leave the country.”

“Perhaps they won’t let us out; they seem to be closing all the barriers. Remember what the officer said—he smiled when he said it.”

“As long as England is not at war, I don’t

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think they can keep us in," E. said, in his best British manner.

"We had better go to the Consul at Munich and hear what he says," I said.

"We will get off early." E. snipped off the electric light and plunged into bed.

We shall start as soon as we have eaten breakfast. E. has already finished the one or two oilings required by the car. Coffee is late again; it is very likely the people sat up talking over the bad news: we heard them long after we had gone upstairs. The poor host is going sadly about, followed always by one or two of his children.

I am taking with me my bunch of flowers that were gathered last evening. The waitress here tells me that the red berries are called *vögelbeeren*. The curious mauve plant with the weird odour is poisonous; she does not know its name.

CHAPTER VI

UNREST

MUNICH, *August 1st. Night.*

This is the sort of room that E. feels most at home in—large and dignified, with panelled walls and tall windows. Outside there is a terrace looking down into a garden, with quite a good number of trees. Under one of these our car is sitting, with its abrupt little hood for its only shelter.

We had a very delightful ride in the early morning; everything was so fresh and pleasant. The motor careered along in the best of spirits, and with not the slightest suggestion of asthma. It seemed to feel as we did—that the sunlight was a pleasant thing, and, despite man's will to the contrary, the earth would remain in wonder and beauty for ever.

It is most probably the reaction from last night that gave zest to our content. We left the sad family at the hotel standing

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at the door looking after us; we did our best to show our sympathy with them.

The thirty-odd kilometres passed very quickly. We saw very few people about, though the grain appeared ready for cutting. Sometimes on a long stretch of field and pasture there was neither man nor horse to be seen. I suppose the same thing is being enacted at the military centres that we saw near Franzensfeste; men and horses are being drained from the valleys.

When we were in Munich three years ago, we stayed at a pension kept by a dear old German lady, and developed quite an affection for her. She has sent us cards at Christmas, and even written to us once or twice. We thought it best to go to her before seeking the Consul, so that we might have news of the war from a German source.

We were disappointed when we found that she had left the pension. The people who had taken it, however, directed us here, which is very near to the old place, and a much better house.

Frau Schmidt was very pleased to see us, but could tell us very little about the war

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or how it would affect strangers. She hunted up the address of the British Legation in the directory, and we went off to find him. After going up and down innumerable streets, we came at last to the house indicated, and here a great disappointment awaited us. By mistake we had been given the address of the Belgian instead of the British Legation. They both begin with "B."

We might have asked the Belgian Minister for the loan of his directory, but, unfortunately, he was out of town. His neat maid-servant said he was not expected back till next day; he was taking a holiday.

The hunting of a Legation in a strange city is a pastime that should appeal to very few people. Our task was rendered difficult by the fact that the Legation had changed its dwelling-place a year or so back. The directory address, when we got it, was useless. The few people who understood what we wanted told us to go to the English pharmacy. That would have been excellent could they have told us where the English pharmacy was to be found.

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At last we hunted down the address of the place we wanted in a sewing-machine shop, where they possessed an up-to-date directory. We found the Legation in about the busiest street in Munich. There was no pride or national joy about it whatever; it intimated its presence by a modest notice inside a corridor.

While E. went in to interview our representative, I sat outside and watched the crowd. It was a place where three trams continually passed, and I found it quite exciting. In the middle of the traffic stood an officer with a ping-pong bat painted red on one side and white on the other. When he wanted the crowd of vehicles to come on, he showed the white side; when there was a dangerous block, he showed the red.

At last E. appeared and climbed in. I waited until we had got out of the crowd before I asked questions. We threaded our way quite nicely, owing to my observation of the ping-pong bat wielded by the officer. He turned the white side towards us.

“Go,” I said to E., and he went. The officer turned the red side towards us.

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“ Stop,” I said quickly, and we stopped.

After this sort of thing for a few moments we found ourselves in a comparatively quiet street.

“ How did you do it ?” E. asked, guessing that my words were due to some good motive.

“ Didn’t you see the red-and-white thing in the policeman’s hand ?” I explained the system to him, but he thought the hand of the London constable just as good. I was eager to know what he had been told at the Legation.

“ They have not heard anything more than we have. Germany has declared war with Russia. They don’t know whether France will go in, and they know nothing about England,” he said.

“ What shall we do—stay here and await events, or get into Switzerland ? It is not very distant to Lindau. What do they advise ?”

“ They say we are all right here. There is no danger if we keep quiet and don’t say disagreeable things about the Emperor.”

We came back to Frau Schmidt and told her we wanted to stay until we could make

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up our minds. E. further said that he had been told it was not wise to travel just now, as at present all the roads and rails were occupied by the men called up for the army. Germany was mobilizing with all her force.

There are a number of people at the pension; among others, an Italian student, who is very pleased to find that we speak his language. There are also Germans and Americans. At supper E. started a laborious conversation in German with the man opposite. They spoke about the weather, and each asked the other what he thought of Munich and interesting things of that kind. Presently they came to a stop.

“Go on. You are both getting on so nicely,” said an American girl.

“What? Do you speak English?” E. said.

“I am an American,” said the man, and we all laughed at them. They had tried so hard to understand each other’s German.

In the evening Frau Schmidt’s son came in from next door; he was pleased to see us again. We sat in the garden near the

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motor-car and talked. He speaks English well.

“Is there any news?” E. asked, after we had exchanged civilities.

“No, not very much. The people are very restless. Business is at a standstill, and no one can get any money.”

“Shall you be called upon to join?” I asked.

“I have been this morning to headquarters to inquire; but as I belong to the Landsturm, they may not want me.”

“What is the Landsturm, Herr Schmidt?”

“It is the second body of the reserve, and one of the last to be called up. Usually they serve only in Germany; no foreign service. More like an armed police,” he said.

“I hope England will not feel bound to Russia,” I said.

“It is to be hoped not. It would be a serious thing for us; and we are very fond of the English in Bavaria.”

He went to a café afterwards to see if there was any fresh news. We waited in the garden until he returned. Frau Schmidt came out to us, and E. found her a chair.

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She kept getting up to go to the telephone; two American girls she was expecting had not arrived. They were young things, she said, and she felt anxious about them. We told her what they had said at the Legation about late and crowded trains. Probably her guests will arrive to-morrow quite safely. There is one thing excellent about the American girl: she can, and will, take care of herself.

When Herr Schmidt came back, he said that Jaurès, the head of the French Socialists, had been assassinated.

We came up to our rooms feeling perplexed and very tired. We have talked everything over, but can come to no conclusion. Shall we leave to-morrow for Switzerland? and if we get to Lindau, shall we be able to pass the frontier? They may be digging trenches in the road and putting up barricades there, as at Mittenwald. The Swiss are neutral. They have a special treaty, by which other nations agree to leave them alone. Belgium is another protected country. It is a pity it is so far from Munich; it was part of our plan to go there

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and spend some time in its dear old towns. Perhaps after the Germans have mobilized there will be no difficulty in getting there. The Russian frontier is in the opposite direction, and there is no likelihood of fighting on the Belgium and Holland side. We shall not go to Switzerland if we can get anywhere else.

E. is smoking a last pipe before we turn in. We can hear the "Hoch, hoch!" of the newly arrived soldiers as they march past.

CHAPTER VII

THE SCALES OF WAR

MUNICH, *August 2nd.*

E. spent a happy morning at the Science Museum. He says there are many new toys since he was there last time. The Röntgen-ray department is completed, and the other dark cupboards where one can see opalescent waves in odd-shaped jars have been greatly developed.

He found a kindred soul in the astronomer who manages the telescope there. They talked together of many erudite things, and neither of them mentioned war. E. came back in a soothed and philosophical frame. The affairs of nations had become to him as a vague spot in the universe.

This only lasted until lunch-time. As soon as we sat down to table the avalanche of news descended upon us. We heard that Poincaré has been assassinated, and that there is a revolution in France. The Rus-

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sians are crossing the frontier of Germany. Italy is mobilizing.

The last piece of news particularly affected the Italian student. He is an only son, and was born in the last year that only sons were exempt from military service; after that they made a new rule. He is quite willing to join as a recruit, if necessary; but he thinks, as we all do here, that it is foolish for great nations to make war in this late century. We might as well be living in the Middle Ages.

The people of Munich are less restless now they know that Germany is prepared. Herr Schmidt says that things are quite ready; all the men have new uniforms, and there are heaps of everything that an army requires. Germany must have been living for some time in the expectation of war. Two of the Americans decided to make a bolt for Holland at once. The others arranged to go to their Consul.

In the afternoon E. came in with serious news: the army has commandeered all the petrol. It is thought that it is only for a day or so, while it is mobilizing; but it is

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difficult to say. Here we must stay unless we can find a garage that has some stored up and is willing to part with it. This affects us much more personally than the fate of Russia.

The Government is also taking all the private cars and motor lorries. War is a wide-spreading thing in this country, as everyone is in some way or other connected with it. To-day they have called up the men between forty-five and fifty, and that leaves only the old and the very young to do the fetching and carrying of daily life. A large number of businesses are closed for want of hands. A man opposite has a partner and eight men in his warehouse, and the partner and seven of the men must go to the war.

The women suffer even more than the men. All luxuries and many necessities have to be curtailed, because there is no money coming in.

A German lady staying in the pension has a mother eighty years of age. One of her sons is an officer, and the other has been called up. Both of them belong to

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the regiments that will be sent off first. No one dares tell the old mother that war has been declared. Fortunately, she does not come down to meals, and is too feeble to go out. I hear her in the room under mine talking to her nurse in her gentle old voice.

I went into the Hof-garten and strolled about. There were many people in their Sunday clothes walking and talking very seriously under the trees. The King addressed the people from the balcony of the Palace, a few earnest words. There were many cheers and a good deal of enthusiasm, but it died very quickly when he went inside.

E. went to a man who lets out automobiles to see if he had any petrol, but he said that the military had taken all, and that he himself must close his garage and join the contingent of his year. He had put all his savings into his business, and was just getting on; now he will be practically ruined.

We had tea in the garden with Herr Schmidt. He said that the Russians have dropped a bomb from an aeroplane on the

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Nüremberg railroad. Many Russians have been arrested as spies; others have been taken to prison by the police, to save them from the fury of the populace.

We thought it curious that the Russians should select Nüremburg for bomb-throwing; but it is just like what I remember of them in the early days when we had many Nihilist refugees in England. Many of them had been in the habit of throwing bombs in their own country with extraordinarily little effect.

All the same, events seem unpleasantly near; the safety of our position is open to question. We are very close to the Royal Palace. Should anyone desire to throw a bomb on it, the probability is that it will land upon us.

We asked Frau Schmidt about the cellars, but they are not large enough for all of us to live in. Several more Americans have arrived. All of them have been to their Consul, but very few have been able to see him. He gives much the same advice as they do at our Legation—"Be quiet, and you will come to no harm." They find it very difficult to be quiet. There are about ten

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thousand of them in Bavaria at the present moment, and all of them seem to call on their Consul about three times a day.

At supper our Italian looked very depressed. He said he had had a row with his fellow-students about the war. They are all in favour of it, and he is not. We are afraid this quick-tempered young man will get into trouble. E. talked to him like a father, and advised self-control. We are all waiting anxiously for news from Italy; we suppose she will be obliged to join her allies. If she does, her strong Socialist element will menace her at home; the people do not like Austria.

The telephone-bell rang all supper-time. One of the Americans asked for some mineral water.

"We have none. The motor-lorry that brings it has been commandeered for the army," said the maid.

"I have no clean clothes; they have not come back from the wash. The laundry-horse and its driver are taken for military work. They have telephoned to say we must wait," said another guest.

The two girls that were expected last night

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have arrived. Their train was left in a siding most of the night. The trains are full of men coming up to join, they say. Coming down from the Tyrol they had to cross the frontier in an ox-waggon; the rails had been taken up. It is evident that Germany is on the lookout for some little surprise on the part of her friend Austria.

E. says that when he was at his favourite museum this morning he met an American and his son. They were in the same difficulty as ourselves as regards petrol.

“I shall put my car up and clear out,” said the man. “I don’t see stopping about here.”

We would rather not clear out if we can in any way help it. Switzerland is not a place we would care to be shut up in for long, and if Italy joins her Allies and the Germans attack France there will be no petrol in either of those countries. For many reasons we could be quite happy here. E. could spend his days in the museum making experiments in physics and other abstruse subjects. Then there is the observatory with its up-to-date instruments; the astronomer would be

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pleased to work with him, they would probably discover a few more stars in the milky way.

We could not be more comfortable than we are. These big panelled rooms give a feeling of space and freedom that one rarely gets in lodgings. E. looks quite at home in them; they go well with the venerable air that he assumes at times.

For myself I will try to learn German; there are many books in that language that I want to read. Also I will write this diary up every day. It will be a souvenir of this terrible European upheaval. What a pity we shall have no grandchildren to read it!

I have written to the Faithful to-day and told her that it will probably be the last she will hear of us for some time; the post is sure to be the first mix-up in war. I wrote also to the doctor. I wonder whether the children are still gathering strawberries and whortleberries at Boscolungo? If we had stayed there we would have missed many adventures. Is it really less than a week ago that we entered Austria?⁵

More Americans have arrived; the house

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must be quite full. Among the new-comers there is a very jolly girl from Chicago with magnificent red hair; the other members of her party call her Olive. She sits just opposite to us at table, and we made friends at once. E. offered to take her to the Science Museum.

I have been looking up some words in the German dictionary in order to talk to the maid-servant. There was no water in my bottle, and I wanted the word "empty." It is curious to find that one of its German meanings is "leer," a word very much used in Oxfordshire dialect. To say "I am feeling leer" is equivalent to saying "I am faint for want of something to eat"; a different thing from the sensation of healthy hunger.

We decided to go to the café after supper. As we went out we met the German lady who has the old mother; she is having trouble with the nurse.

"She is quite young, and her name is down for the Red Cross; every hour she expects to hear that she has to go," she said. "Her thoughts are all with the War, and she forgets

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to give my mother her medicine. I have to tell her—‘ When you are at the War, give your best thoughts to the work you have to do there, but while you are with me you must not forget that you are nursing my mother; your mind must be here ! ’ ”

The mind of all young Germany is with and for the War. Old Germany remains soberly and sadly at home; it knows that the future hides sorrow.

We went to the Café Luitpold and read the English newspapers. They were three days old, and only Austria was doing anything. There were not many people in the big place; most of the groups exchanged very few words. They drank their beer or coffee in silence.

Coming out we saw an attaché from the British Legation. E. asked him whether there was any chance of getting petrol anywhere. He said it was not of the slightest use to try. The Army had collected all, and only gave it out to officers’ cars and a few special taxies. There was no news from England. I suppose he had been saying that all day; he looked most unutterably bored.

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We walked home through the Hof-garten. There was no one about, and only one room illuminated in the Royal Palace. The stars looked down quite peacefully on this wicked old world.

Herr Schmidt met us near the door—
France and Germany are at war !

CHAPTER VIII

RUMOURS

MUNICH, *August 3rd.*

This morning Herr Schmidt told us that Poincaré had not been assassinated. He also said that it was not sure that a bomb had been dropped near Nüremburg. An aeroplane had been seen, but no one knew to what country it belonged. The railway had not been damaged, and no sign of anything harmful had been found.

So far so good. We can leave off thinking of the cellars.

We hear that two manly-looking women from East Prussia have been mobbed as spies. The crowd said they were men in women's clothing. They were taken to the police station, and as their credentials were quite right, they were soon released.

Our Italian student has left for a day at the lakes. He thinks the tranquillity of the country will cool him down. He had a big

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row with a fellow-student last night and was threatened. He will come back to-morrow and work in another laboratory for a while.

He said it was dangerous for us to go to the Café Luitpold. The police were always keeping their eye on it, as it was a well-known resort for intriguers and spies.

What about our attaché ?

We went to Cooks' to-day to see what was going on, and incidentally to ask about petrol. The place was full of excitable Americans who were trying to get away. As the Army is still using the trains, this continues to be difficult. There was, however, a train leaving for Frankfort at 5 p.m., and most of them took tickets, hoping to get down the Rhine. Everyone was in a tremendous fright, because the Hamburg-American ships have been commandeered; many of them had booked tickets for this line. The clerk tried to soothe them by telling them America would send ships.

“ But America has so few ships,” said one, “ and there are twenty-eight thousand of us in Germany alone.”

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Being an interfering person I put a word in.

“ Wouldn't it be better to stay here and see what happens ? Things may not be so bad. Munich is much better than most places, and the Bavarians are a friendly people. Besides, America won't be going to war with anybody.”

“ But do you think we shall be safe from insults ?”

“ Why not ? You are not going about taking photographs of forts. That is the one thing you must not do. Keep away from crowds and say nothing about politics. You will be all right.”

“ Then you think we should wait quietly and see what turns up ?” she said.

“ It is certainly better to stay in Munich than in some less interesting place; and just now it is difficult to get out of Germany. Everyone here is nice to you—if you are nice to them—and of course you will be,” I said, in my most prosaic manner.

“ Thank you very much; you are the most comforting person I have spoken to to-day,” she said.

All the same, I expect she started with the

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rest for Frankfurt. That city promises to be rather crowded.

Cooks' gave us the usual information: there was no petrol to be had, and not likely to be any. We provided ourselves with maps, and came back to look up the position of the Balkan States; they seem bound to be attracting a lot of attention.

One more American has arrived at the pension, which is now quite full. The Italian and E. are the only men. To-day there was a new maid to wait at table. We asked after the other one; the German lady told us:

"She is accustomed to places where there are plenty of men about, so she has left to go to an hotel. She does not like waiting on so many women."

Olive, the Chicago girl, gave us a lively account of the scene that took place when the last comer arrived. The maid was on the landing with some boots in her hands. Frau Schmidt called to her to show the new arrival to her room.

"Here's another woman! I can't stand any more of them—they get on my nerves," said the girl. She threw the boots down-

RUMOURS

stairs, and went away without giving notice. Luckily another turned up; she is a quiet and pretty young girl, and has no objection to women. We have gained by the exchange.

Frau Schmidt says that all the girls are excited because their brothers and lovers are being sent away to the front. The Bavarian regiments are the first to go to the seat of war, wherever that may be.

We are quite a cheerful party, having made up our minds that it is best not to give way to fears. We talk about the reports we hear, and can afford to laugh at many of them. Someone at lunch had heard that a large number of French officers disguised in German uniforms had rushed the Alsatian frontier in motor-cars. This we classed with the bomb and aeroplane adventure at Nüremburg.

Some of our Americans had been to their Consul about getting home. He gave them poor consolation. It was the usual information—all the German-American ships had been commandeered.

“But won't some ships be sent for us?” asked one lady.

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“ We did not send to Mexico,” said the Consul. He must have been well badgered this morning.

We had tea with Frau Schmidt in the garden. She is looking very tired; the War worries her, and there is always the fear that her son may be called up. We looked sadly at the motor sitting under its little hood; it had rather a desolate, neglected air. All our plans of journeying in new and pleasant places were likely to be frustrated.

To-morrow our license ought to be renewed, although why we should pay road-tax when we can't get petrol for love or money we do not know. It is tiresome to have to pay for the upkeep of the good German roads when you cannot use them.

We think that perhaps it will be wise to make it known to the police that we have a car here; our hostess might get into trouble for harbouring it. She is very good about it, and says it might stay hidden in this old garden for ever without anyone finding out. All the same, it would be ill repaying her kindness to let her take the risk; the authorities are so very particular.

RUMOURS

Herr Schmidt has promised to go to the police in the car to-morrow with E. to act as interpreter. Everyone seems to think that as it is registered in Italy, the military will think they have the right to commandeer it—the allied countries may have arranged for a community of such things. But it seems to us that they have such a lot of magnificent cars that they won't want our one little ewe lamb.

We hear that all the frontiers are closed, except the Swiss one at Lindau.

This evening we walked in the Hof-garten, and remarked that a quantity of leaves were lying untouched on the well-kept gravel paths. When we were here three years ago, no sooner had a leaf fluttered to the ground than it was whisked up by a broom and taken away. This is a sign that most of the gardeners have been called to their regiments.

A very fine lot of young soldiers passed by us as we stood in front of the Palace—tall, splendid fellows in very new uniforms. They went by with a swing and a go, in great spirits, and very glad to be going somewhere.

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To them it is an adventure into the unknown, for none of them are told where they are going. We hear that neither officers nor men have any information given them as to locality. They are packed in trains and are sent off, and one hears their lusty young voices all along the line singing and shouting.

Everybody is looking more cheerful than they did yesterday. Herr Schmidt tells us the reason is that the Germans have entered Russia and taken several small towns and villages. He added that the fighting was only tentative; the cold weather would prevent Germany from doing much before next spring.

The Americans were talking about the safest place in Europe during war. Switzerland might suffer for lack of food; Holland was liable to be overrun by the belligerents.

"There is Great Britain," I said.

"Oh, but you are dependent on other countries for your food. And Germany will be fighting on the seas."

"Well, I think our colonies will see to the food-supply," I said, "and our ships are fairly powerful."

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“ I have never been to England,” said the Chicago girl; “ I should love to go, but I have always heard that Englishmen treat their wives so badly. It would make me mad to see it.”

“ Do let them know your opinion of them; it will do them lots of good,” I said. “ Begin on my husband.”

I fetched E. in from the garden, where he was reading a book lent to him by his friend the astronomer.

“ Here is a lady who has heard the real truth about Englishmen. It is time they knew what more chivalrous nations think of them. Miss Olive will enlighten you,” I said.

She was sitting before the window, and the light fell on her hair. E. looked at her with an approving smile, just as if she had been a picture or a telescope.

“ What a wonderful colour !” he said, and began to talk of old Venetian masters.

“ Now you have an illustration,” I said to her. “ That is how the Englishman treats his wife. Once married, she doesn't exist any longer as a thinking animal—why

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should she think? Can't he do it lots better for her? Mention her wrongs to him, and he retreats into another subject—Venetian masters, for example. Just you tell him how nice and considerate the American man is."

I left them combating, and went into the kitchen to talk to Frau Schmidt; she was making one of those flat tarts that have delicious pieces of fruit, in a geometrical pattern, all over them.

After a while I went back to find E.—if anything remained of him after the encounter with the Chicago girl; but they were neither of them to be seen.

He had taken her to the Science Museum.

CHAPTER IX

THE EWE LAMB

MUNICH, *August 4th.*

E. got up early this morning, and went down into the garden. Herr Schmidt was already there, and I could hear the suck of the motor as it started. Fortunately, more than half a tank of petrol remained, so there was enough and over to take them to the military authorities, who, by the way, have taken over some of the duties of the police. The little car started off very cheerfully—in fact, much too well. I was hoping it would have an awful fit of asthma, so that the authorities would think that a worn-out old car like that would be of no use to them or anybody else. The greater part of our luggage was still strapped to the back of the car; it had not seemed worth while to remove it until we were certain of staying.

About an hour after I heard a taxi-cab stop at the door. To my surprise, it con-

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tained Herr Schmidt, E., and the luggage. We gathered in the hall to hear what had happened. Frau Schmidt came out of the kitchen, Olive hung over the banisters above. We were all greatly concerned; everybody talked at once.

It seems that when they got to the military they were asked a great many questions. E. explained by means of Herr Schmidt that he was an Englishman living in Italy; that he had bought the car in Italy, and had papers showing the age, weight, and other things concerning it. He also had his photograph fixed and sealed on the papers by the Italian authorities to show that he was really himself, and not pretending to be anybody else.

So far satisfactory. They were then asked—both of them—what sort of fathers and mothers they had; the names, ages, and positions of the said fathers and mothers; whether they were dead, and if so, what did they die of; also whether they were married, and if so, whom. After these questions were answered, E. gave the information that his wife's hair curled a little on one side, and

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that she had a mark on one cheek caused by the peck of a chicken which she had embraced when very young. The officer put it all down.

He said he was perfectly satisfied with the explanations given, and that E. might pay fourteen marks for the use of the good German roads; this payment covered a month. He refused to commit himself by saying anything about petrol.

They came away from the military quite pleased with themselves, but when they got outside they found two men in plain clothes standing by the car. One of them handed E. a card saying that he was attached to the police.

“ I am sorry, gentlemen,” he said, “ but I am ordered to take this car to be examined. I have a good chauffeur here, and shall be obliged if you will show him how to manage the car.”

“ Shall I not drive you myself, Meinherr ?” E. asked. He was not too pleased to have a stranger practising on his car.

“ I regret to say that it is not possible,” said the official.

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Herr Schmidt explained to E. that strangers were not allowed to see the inner working of police or military offices.

So the chauffeur was instructed how to manage the motor. E. gave up the key of his beloved tool-box, and they took down his address. He watched the car go off in its cheerful, buzzy way, and thought he had probably seen the last of it.

They then had to take a taxi-cab to bring the luggage back, which is an added indignity. Not only do they make us pay fourteen marks for the upkeep of roads which we may not use, but we have to hire vehicles to carry our belongings.

As there was plenty of time before lunch, we decided to go to the British Legation and tell them that the car had been taken. We thought that the English flag ought to protest against the outrage.

They were courteous and diplomatic as usual; they were even more bored than the last time, and very anxious to get rid of us.

"Your car is registered in Italy," said one of them; "therefore the Germans have probably the right to take it." I advise you

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to go to the Italian Consul, and see what he says about it."

It seems to us that the ewe lamb will become an international question.

We asked for English passports, as they might come in useful should other difficulties arise. E. has an old one signed by the late Lord Salisbury, but that is out of date; also it says nothing about me.

They promised to prepare them, but said there was no hurry, as nothing further was expected to happen for a day or two. Would we call again to-morrow?

There was an Englishman waiting to see the head, who seemed in great trouble. He told us that he owned a farm in the neighbourhood of Munich, and should there be one of those uprisings which occur even in the best-managed war, the authorities say they cannot possibly protect him. So he, and his sister who lives with him, must go away—the farm will be safer without them.

He told us also that there is quite a large colony of English here. The Bavarians are very good to them. A valuable piece of land in the centre of the town has been given

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free by the municipality as a site for an English church. This is not the first time that we have heard of the friendly feeling existing between the southern Germans and our own nation. But of course they cannot help knowing at this time that our sympathies are on the side of Russia.

When we returned to lunch we found the Italian had come back from his excursion to the country. He gave us a sad description of the jolly lake villages we had passed through four days ago. All are deserted, the gast-houses are closed; hardly anyone is to be seen; in the fields are a few old men and depressed-looking women beginning the harvest.

He is very indignant about the ewe lamb. Even if it is an Italian car, he says the Germans have no right to it. He says he shall go away next week, as he cannot repress his feelings. A notice has been given out to-day saying that for the convenience of the censorship all letters must be written in German; those that are not will be returned. Our friend says that his parents live away in the country—it would not be possible to find

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anyone to translate his letters. Also they are old and nervous; should they receive letters in a language they could not understand, they would perhaps think he was ill. He will go back to them, and later will finish his studies at Bologna. We think he is quite right, for with his strong opinions on the war he is in great danger of being knocked about by the other students.

This afternoon as I was writing the above I heard the well-known "clup-clup" of the car. Looking down from the terrace, I could see the hood pushing its way among the branches of the trees in the garden. Everybody ran out to greet it with joy. The authorities have returned it with a polite message—that they do not require it at present; they make no promise for the future. I am hoping that its asthma came on violently when they were looking it over.

E. wandered round and examined it, but no harm had been done. Olive came out, and he made her look at its neat little cylinders, explaining all the while why it is so much better than any other car could possibly be. After that he took a chair, and

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sat down close to it to smoke an excellent cigar, for which he had paid three-halfpence; on his face, as he gazed at the ewe lamb, was the rapt expression of a Fra Angelico angel.

As he sat there he threw one leg over the other, and I saw that one of his boots had almost lost its sole. On a nearer view, the other was not much better—they were both in a dangerous condition.

“You must find a shoemaker at once,” I said. “You will trip on something and fall.”

“It’s of no use; all the shoemakers have gone to the war.”

“They are usually hunchbacks or deformed; no army would take them. You must be able to find someone.”

He would take no notice. On consulting Frau Schmidt, I found there was a shoemaker in the next street.

“Is he deformed or hunchbacked?” I asked.

“Oh no. He is a middle-aged man, and quite straight,” she said, surprised.

I went back to E. in a hurry; he was still gazing at the car, his legs crossed showing a gaping sole.

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“ There is a shoemaker in the next street. Frau Schmidt will tell you where. He isn't deformed or hunchbacked, so you must get those boots done at once—before he is sent off to the war.”

“ But am I to go about without any ?”

“ You must put on your patent-leather slippers.”

With great difficulty he was persuaded to find the cobbler. When he came back he said the boots would not be finished until to-morrow evening; the man seemed to think they ought to be entirely remade.

“ Well, you can wear your slippers,” I said.

“ But I have promised to go to the Legation in the morning to get the passports. It is not respectful to appear before your country's representative in dress-slippers.”

“ It doesn't matter. You can go to the Legation the day after to-morrow. They said there was no hurry for a day or so.”

“ Well, I can spend the day at the Museum.”

Cheered up by this prospect, he resumed his contemplation of the car. I sat on the

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step close by him, and we were both silent for some time. It was a delightful evening, and later there would be a moon. We were both wishing we could take some food and go off into the country for a spin. It would be so much nicer than eating the excellent ham and sausage provided for us indoors. This brought me round to another subject.

“ Will the war make any difference about getting food ? Suppose the Russians come to Munich ? ” I said.

“ It’s a long way to come. And there will be lots of horseflesh to eat. All the best and healthiest horses are sent to the war. They are a sort of natural provision,” E. said, keeping his eyes on the ewe lamb.

I have made up my mind that to-morrow I shall go out and buy a few tins of sardines; they will be a nice variety from the horseflesh.

Presently Herr Schmidt came out; he brought a chair, and sat down by E. The maid followed with a small table and two bottles of beer. When the two men were comfortable, I returned to my speculations about provisions.

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“Are the prices of foodstuffs very high?”
I asked Herr Schmidt.

“Not at all; the shops are not allowed to charge more than usual. The prices of bread and meat are fixed by the Government. Anyone trying to make money out of the necessities of the people are fined. As long as there is food to sell, it must be sold at the same price as in peace.”

“That is a very good arrangement,” I said. “Are you likely to run short here?”

“I do not think so. There is an enormous stock of cattle in the Bavarian mountains. Our harvest is very good also this year. Then there is all the stock of tinned provisions we have laid in for our American summer visitors.” This last with a twinkle in his eye.

“Even if the harvest is good,” I persisted, “the men have been taken from the fields to send to the war. And the horses have been commandeered. The farms must be hard up for labour.”

“The boys are being sent into the country to help the women. They must carry the sheaves on their backs if necessary, as they

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do on the steep hillsides. The Government has issued a proclamation reminding the boys that their country depends on them to take the places of their fathers and brothers who are at the war."

When we went into Maximilienstrasse we saw the placards. Crowds of young boys were standing before them, looking very important. One very small one was evidently telling his elder sister what he was going to do to help his country; she looked rather sceptical. He went away holding to her hand, and kicking out his feet in imitation of the goose-step.

CHAPTER X

THE FIRSTFRUITS OF WAR

MUNICH, *August 5th.*

The nations have gone mad; our good solid world, on which we have walked so safely all our lives, has broken up and become a vortex of rage and war.

We slept rather late, and on awakening heard the murmur of voices in the garden: there was a quick discussion going on—more than one person was speaking at once. I had the sensation of having heard fragments of conversation in my sleep—disconnected and peace-destroying syllables such as one does not care to hear on a summer morning, when one's thoughts are still hazy with partially remembered dreams. One or two words clearer than the rest sent me out of bed in a hurry. When I had put something on I went out on to the balcony. Down in the garden below some of the Americans were breakfasting under the trees; they were

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talking all together, and apparently much excited. I called down to them asking the news.

Olive came out of the crowd and shouted up to me; her words came like a clap of thunder.

“England has declared war against Germany.”

For a moment I felt sick; I gripped the rail of the balcony hard to prevent myself from reeling. Then I went back into the bedroom and told E., who was only half awake. The news drove the sleep from his eyes in a hurry; he got out of bed, and commenced to dress hastily. When we got downstairs, our friends told us that the news was on all the placards. Germany was very angry—she did not expect England to go to war.

It seemed impossible that it could be true; E. said he would go at once to the Legation and find out. There were also the passports that he had asked for the day before; it might be advisable to secure them as early as possible.

Many of the Americans had already been

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out, and they warned us that feeling was rising high against England; it was risky to go in certain quarters of the town.

However, E. refused to be afraid, and he looked so mild in his grey quaker hat and patent-leather slippers that I let him go without fear—it seemed impossible that anyone should desire to harm him.

All our friends have provided themselves with tiny American flags which they stick in their dresses; some of them have the Bavarian flag as well. When I decided to venture out in spite of warning, they wanted me to go under American colours, but I refused. There was no moral scruple about my refusal; I thought that should I be captured wearing a flag that I could not rightly own, it would be much worse for me than if I had none. Besides, if anything happened that obliged me to appeal to our Consul, he would very likely say I had better go to the representative of the nation whose colours I wore; there would be the same difficulty that there had been about the ewe lamb.

As a matter of fact, I was not at all afraid of the Bavarians; I did not intend to go into

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the poorer parts of the town, or even to the centre. It seemed to me that the only places likely to be dangerous were round the University or the breweries.

“ You know, you look so very English,” said Olive, as she watched me out of the door. She seemed rather afraid that I should never appear again.

But in the Hof-garten where I found myself things were peaceable enough. A number of people were sitting under the trees, talking or reading the newspaper. They were very serious; some of the women had been weeping—always it was the elder women who were sad. The younger ones had an air of suppressed excitement, as if they were looking forward to things new and strange.

Some of the people turned to look after a very English Englishman who strode through the gardens, but nobody took any notice of me. I sat down with several Germans on one of the seats; they made room very kindly. One woman sent her little girl away to play in order that I should not be crowded.

After a time I left the Hof-garten and

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went into the piazza before the arcaded building that has been imitated from the Florentine Loggia dei Lanzi, and so by the Residence into Maximilienstrasse. A crowd of people, young and old, stood gravely looking at a placard outside the General Post-Office. It ran:

ENGLAND HAS DECLARED WAR
AGAINST GERMANY.
ITALY REMAINS NEUTRAL.

Then I understood the thunderbolt that had fallen on the Germans; no wonder the old were sad and the young were excited. Italy was their ally in times of peace; they counted on her aid in war. Her navy was in good order and up to date; it would have been of immense value in the Adriatic; she would have kept the French and English fleet at bay. Austria's fleet is of an undecided quality, like her varied and unmanageable nation.

We who live in Italy understand her desire to remain neutral. The Italians are sick of war; she still mourns her sons who fell at Tripoli.

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Also in these days they are possibly more socialistic than any other people, and there would be civic disorders if she fought by the side of Austria. It is not forgotten or forgiven that Austria took the Trentino.

When I got back to the pension I went into the kitchen to see Frau Schmidt; she was weeping because her son had been called to join his regiment. I did not stay to talk to her because I saw she was fighting hard for self-control, and trying to busy herself in the cooking. I think the soup will be very bitter to-day.

In the garden was sitting the German lady who has the old mother; she also had red eyes. She called out to me in a rough sort of way:

“Have you heard the dreadful news? Italy has betrayed us, and England has declared war. Germany is like a hunted hare. It is cruel of your great nation to fight us when our hands are full.”

“I do not know what to think,” I said miserably.

“We thought England would play fair,” she went on; “she is a sporting nation, and

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should not kick her enemies when they are beset."

"There must be something we do not know. We do not like war. England will play fair."

All the same, I was too sick with the thought of the horrors to come to feel very patriotic.

"I am trying not to let mother know; she is so old, and we should like her to die in peace." She spoke with a break in her voice. "But if she loses both her sons— Ah, dear madam, you are weeping—you, too, have troubles. They have taken your automobile; I am so sorry."

"What does it matter—a small thing like that?" I said. "Other women are giving up their husbands and sons." Then we wept together.

When she had gone away to see after her mother I went to the other side of the garden. It was true that the car was no longer there. The maidservant told me that the police had sent for it; they had allowed E. to go with it to take a receipt.

So they have got the ewe lamb after all.

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I hope they won't keep E. as well. They might think it fun to use one of the enemy as a chauffeur. I am now anxiously waiting for him to return.

Later.

E. came back in a great hurry, and said the police had asked us to leave Germany at once; they have kept the car.

"They say they cannot be answerable for the safety of English subjects. The city has gone mad with fright, and a lot of people are being taken up for spies. They seem to have a great desire to get rid of us because we are motorists," he said.

I suppose one thing worse than a motorist would be an aviator, though what any of us can do without petrol it is difficult to see.

"Were the authorities disagreeable to you?" I said.

"Not at all; they were quite polite, but much cooler than yesterday. Everybody seemed upset, as if they were not quite certain what to do. I had great difficulty in finding a responsible person who could give me a receipt for the car."

"That isn't like their usual ways."

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“ Everything is quite different. They have had a stunning blow.”

“ Did you get to the Legation ?”

“ Yes. But everything is shut up. There is a notice on the door advising British subjects to apply to the police.”

“ But our passports ?” I said in alarm.

“ I spoke to the police about them. They said that the receipt they had given me for the car was better than any passport. We have only to show it, and we are safe anywhere. It means that we have reported ourselves to the authorities, and that they consider us harmless. If not, they would have shut us up.”

He was sitting back in his chair with his hand over his eyes, as if he would shut out the sight of something. I had never seen him so cast down. I thought the loss of the car was worrying him.

“ Never mind about the car, old boy.” I put my arm round his neck. “ We will sell the Old Master and get another.”

“ It is not that,” he said; “ the car doesn’t matter. I’ve had my first look at war. A car came into the place while I was there.

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It was a big car, riddled with bullets—bits of flesh and bone sticking on it everywhere.”

For a minute I was too upset to speak; he went on to tell me about it.

“ It seems they’ve been posting sentinels all round the town. This car came in with a Munich family—parents and several children who had been out for a drive in the neighbourhood. The sentinel called on them to stop, but perhaps they did not hear or see—it was raining a little—nobody will ever know. They fired five volleys into the car.”

We sat quite silent for a short time; then I got up and began collecting our things.

“ We’re not made for this sort of thing,” I said; “ let us get away from it. Do you know anything about trains ?”

“ Yes. There is one for Lindau, Swiss frontier, at three o’clock.”

“ We had better take it,” I said.

“ You need not pack all those things,” E. said; “ we are only allowed hand-baggage, and not too much of that. Don’t take the camera or that diary; they might detain us as spies. They are dreadfully nervous.”

“ But I have not used the camera, and

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there are no designs or drawings in my diary," I objected.

"It is best not to take them. Anyone may be stopped on suspicion of being a spy. I don't suppose we should be in danger, but we might miss a train while they were convincing themselves that we had no army secrets or photographs."

The camera was a new one, but it was postcard size and could not easily be hidden; I put it on one side. The diary is another matter; it will probably find its way across the frontier. Its record is mounting up, and shall not be lost.

When I was packing the hand-bag, I suddenly caught sight of E.'s patent slippers.

"What about your boots?"

"I will go round and get them, whether they are finished or not."

He came back in ten minutes, and said: "The shop is shut up." Evidently the shoemaker has been called to the war.

Olive had heard we thought of leaving; she came in to say how sorry she was. We told her that E. had to flee across the frontier in patent-leather slippers. He said that he

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thought it rather an advantage than otherwise; slippers were much more comfortable than boots to travel in. She ran out of the room, and came back with a very smart pair of American boots in her hand.

"I've got enormous feet," she declared, "and yours are very small for a man. Do try on these; I guess they are just your size. I should love you to have them."

She went down on the floor, and insisted that he should put one on. To please her, he tried to get his foot in. They tugged and tugged, but of course the boots were too small. She was dreadfully disappointed.

"I wish my feet were larger," she said; and then we all laughed, and it did us good.

At lunch everyone talked about the War. Some of the Americans are offering their services to the Red Cross.

"Does anyone know why England is joining in?" I asked.

"The Germans have crossed the Belgian frontier to get at France. England thinks that unfair, as Belgium is a neutral country," some one said.

Our German friend was not there the first

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part of the meal. We were afraid she did not want to come among us, and were very sorry; she is a general favourite. However, she came in rather late. She had been to find out from her army friends whether Herr Schmidt's regiment really had to go to the frontier.

"It was a mistake," she told us. "The Landsturm will only be required for internal defence."

We were very glad; everyone is fond of the Schmidts. We ourselves are very sorry to leave the pension, and, indeed, to leave Munich. The revulsion of feeling we had when E. first came back after giving up the car has passed off. All the same, perhaps we had better go. We should either have to stay indoors or meet cold looks wherever we went outside.

One of the Americans said she had been to a most impressive service at the Cathedral. The King and Queen were there. The King's Guard had been sent to the front, but after the service the Boy Scouts rounded up and formed an escort for their Sovereigns. The boys looked so proud; some of them were

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quite small. Everyone was very serious, and some of the women were crying.

Frau Schmidt said she thought the shoemaker had only shut up for his dinner-hour. So E. went round to him again, and found that such was the fact. The boots were not done. E. explained that he had no others.

“We have to start in an hour for Switzerland,” he said; “so you must just nail the soles on anyhow. If you can’t, I will take them as they are and wear them without soles.”

The man laughed, and said he would do his best. The boots turned up, mended quite nicely, just as the taxi came to take us to the station. The shoemaker had not even left a nail to injure the foot of the enemy.

Everyone in the pension came into the street to say good-bye. The few days of stress and excitement we have passed together have made us close friends. We took a sad leave of Frau Schmidt and the German lady. I hope the old mothers will not lose their sons!

Just as we turned into Maximilienstrasse E. looked back and said:

“I should have liked to have gone once more to the Science Museum.”

CHAPTER XI

THE REFUGEES

IN THE TRAIN, *August 5th. Night.*

It is impossible to sleep, perhaps because the seats are very hard, or more likely because the excitement of the day has overtired me. The time will pass more quickly if I write up my diary. I can pencil things down so that I may not forget them.

We have just changed trains, after waiting for two hours on a damp platform, and are very lucky to have found a carriage almost to ourselves. In this compartment are an English girl, who has been travelling in Germany, and an old, old woman, who sits in a corner very upright and seems to be quite by herself.

In the next compartment are two young students, one Irish and one English. They come from Munich, and are telling E. their experiences of this morning. One of them says he had a brick slung at him. The other

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says that he went through all the town and was not molested at all. Things depend on the mood of the populace. As far as we are concerned, everybody has behaved decently.

At the station at Munich a tremendous crowd of fleeing people was waiting for the train, but all was in order. The official at the gate grumbled at the sight of my Japanese basket; but the porter said that it was for two people, and he let it through. There was an angry murmur at the station as our train moved off, but it was quickly silenced. The same murmur occurred at the two or three stations near Munich.

We were a curious crowd in our compartment. Just opposite to us was an Irishwoman with her daughter; the latter had been studying singing in Germany. They were very nervous, as the girl had been taken for a Russian and had had some insulting things said to her. Two Englishwomen who had been teaching in Munich were in another compartment with some of the men from Cooks', who promised to be very useful. There were a number of others, about six-

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teen in all. They had left as suddenly as ourselves, and as some of them had made their homes in Munich, they were much worse off.

On the other side of the carriage was a red-eyed German woman with two babies and a cat. She was talking to a friend, and we gathered that she had taken her children to some barracks that their father might see them before he went to the front, but he had already been sent off. She was going now to her mother in the country to stay until his return. The cat was on the seat opposite her in a sacking bag, with the string drawn round its neck. Only its head, with its expressionless eyes, could be seen sticking out.

Every now and then the elder of the babies, aged about two, would seize the bottle of milk with which he was provided, and make an effort to feed the cat. This led to frantic disapproval on the part of the animal. Once or twice it made a leap towards the open window, bag and all. Always, when this happened, the woman would push the cat affectionately back into its corner, collect

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the elder baby to her knee, and resume her silent weeping.

Sometimes two other children would start along to look at the babies and the cat. They belonged to an English couple who were in the service of a Russian Princess. Their people had left Munich the day before, leaving them in charge; but they had found it impossible to remain after England had declared war.

“I think we should have stuck it out if the police had not asked us to go,” said the man. “And then there were the children,” he added.

“They were all anxious to get rid of us,” said one of the English teachers. “My landlady woke me up this morning, and said I ought to go at once and take nothing with me. She said she would take care of my things. I went to the Consul, but the place was shut. This lady”—she pointed to the other English teacher—“is in a worse predicament than I am; she has no money. We met at the station. When she had paid for her ticket she had two marks left. We have joined forces, and shall get along together.”

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The pretty English girl, sitting next to the singer and her mother, joined in.

“I went to the Consul also. There were only two policemen there. I asked them what I should do, and one of them said gruffly: ‘Get away as soon as you can.’ Coming down I met this lady and her daughter on the stairs, and told her it was useless to go up—our Government had forsaken us. She has a flat in Munich, and her landlord had been round and begged her to go. I went home with her and helped her pack. We shall travel together and look after each other.”

There was no doubt about who would do the looking-after. The pretty girl was capable of a good deal. She was the only person in our compartment who had provided herself with provisions. Later on she generously shared them.

We began to stand aside to let long trains of men go by; they were on their way to headquarters. These soldiers were in an enthusiastic stage, and in good-humour with everyone. They shouted and waved handkerchiefs at us. We waved back, for they

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are good fellows. We were sorry they were against us.

All along the line men were stationed with muskets. None of them were in uniform; they looked like country labourers suddenly called on for this duty. The stations were crowded with people waiting to see the military trains go by. The children waved their hands indifferently to friend and foe. At one place we saw a dozen women working on the line with pickaxe and spade; they were doing the work of their men.

There must have been many poor refugees in the back of the train. We had seen a number of unfortunates waiting at the station. The people in the villages seemed to recognize this, for at several places baskets of fresh bread were handed round and eagerly taken. There was nothing to be bought in the way of drinks but a curious pink liquid, which seemed a thin relation to raspberry vinegar. The Government had ordered that no beer or wines of any sort should be sold at the stations. The troops are reported to be taking an oath to drink no alcoholic drinks until the War is over.

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At one of the stations where we were held up there was a rush made by some of the younger men of our party to a village to get beer. When they returned they were promptly arrested and placed by themselves in a waiting-room. After a while some officers came and asked them questions. They showed their passports and explained, and the Germans smiled and let them go.

We began to get very hungry, and for a long time there were only small stations without refreshment bars. At last E. succeeded in getting some sandwiches. He also laid in a stock of bread and some sausage. We tried the latter, and it was vile, so we put it by until hunger made a sauce for it.

The old woman, now sitting opposite, was the only one who did not attempt to get anything to eat; she sat still and lonely in her corner. When E. asked her if he might get anything for her, she said something in the negative. Her accent has made us wonder what nationality she can be. When we changed trains we found her already in our compartment. We have now been

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travelling nine hours, and it is twelve midnight. I know she has had nothing to eat or drink since we left Munich. Perhaps she has no money. I shall ask the English girl to find out.

Later.

The attack of my travelling companion on the old lady has been most satisfactory.

“Madam is travelling quite alone. It is a little dull, is it not?” She spoke to her in German; her voice is very persuasive.

“I am always alone.” The poor old thing pulled herself together with a start, and sat more upright than ever. She was very pale, and great bags hung down under her eyes.

“You will excuse us, Madam—we think of making a little meal. It is a long time that we have been travelling. Madam will do us the great pleasure to join—a small sandwich, a little bread and sausage.”

“Thank you very much, dear child. I am not hungry. The old want very little.”

All the same, we proceeded to make sandwiches with the abominable sausage. They were laid out on a piece of paper—quite a pile of them. The old lady kept her eyes

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fixed out of the window. The girl insisted on her attention.

“Madam, we beg of you to try a little; we have so much. It is so much more comfortable if everyone joins in. One has more appetite.”

Finally we got her to take a sandwich, then another. She began to eat as if she could not restrain herself. The beastly sausage disappeared as if it had been food of the gods. The smell of garlic pervaded the compartment. Nevertheless, we were happier.

E. had filled my bottle with fresh water. I filled up the glass, and put a good dash of cognac in it from the flask which always travels in my hand-bag. The old lady drank it like a lamb. The ghastly pallor left her face. She was very grateful. She began to confide in my companion, who translated to me.

“I am a Russian. I have been staying in Germany for a cure,” she said. “Three days ago they said I must move on, and I have been moving on ever since. They said, ‘Go to Munich, it is quiet;’ but when

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I got there, I found it most unquiet. Then I moved on again. Sometimes they keep me at a station for hours. I do not know if I shall be permitted to pass at Lindau."

We gathered that she had hardly any money left, and did not dare to spend it on food. She was completely worn out.

We all are. The men are sleeping in the other part of the compartment. Soon it will be three o'clock, and they will turn us out at Lindau. The four hours' journey has petered out to twelve. It is a dismal night, with the rain spattering on the windows.

LAKE OF CONSTANCE, *August 6th.*

The morning, excepting that it is daylight, is not more cheerful than the night. It is now six o'clock, and the rain is going on as if it would last for ever. I can see it beating and splashing on the deck outside the cabin.

The men have unearthed a bottle of whisky from the bar, and are gloating over it. They made a collection among themselves to pay for it, and are now sharing drinks all round. Most of us haven't a dry thread, so it will do no harm.

When we got to Lindau Station, we were

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passed out of the gate one by one. Of our party, E. went first, then myself, with the old Russian next, protected by the English girl. We were going to try to pass her as one of ourselves. The official demanded passports. E. presented the police receipt.

“Eh, what’s this?” said the man. He turned it over, read it through twice, gave it back, and told us to pass. We filed quickly, hoping to get through all at once. It was of no use. He fixed his eye on the old Russian.

“Your passport?” He took it, looked at it, and said severely: “Stand on one side.”

The last we saw of her she was leaning against the railings, looking very, very old.

Lindau at three in the morning, with rain pouring cats and dogs, is the most ghastly hole one can imagine. There were three hours to wait for the boat, and we stood under thin-foliaged trees, for the most part without umbrellas, until we hardly knew we were alive.

Once a boat came in, and we all rushed on to it, only to find it was the wrong one. Two of the party remained. They said they

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did not care where they went as long as they were under shelter.

Presently an hotel opened, and some of us were fortunate enough to get hot coffee and rolls. There was not anything like enough to go round. The two students, who stood quietly back while the others helped themselves, would have had nothing, had not the girl who was with me made a dash and got them some rolls. After that some of us were happier, but we all looked like drowned rats. We were glad to see our boat come in at last.

Before we were allowed to go on board, we had to pass an examination. They opened our baggage and stirred up everything. In my basket was a case containing medicines, among others a bottle, as yet unsealed, filled with the greyish-green powder known to doctors as Op. Con. The Customs' official selected it for inspection. He turned it over, holding it away from him as if it were dangerous.

"What is this?" he asked suspiciously.

Of course, we could not tell him. None of us had ever heard the German for colic

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powder. The crowd was gathering round us, looking over our shoulders to see what had been found. We probably would be there now if one of our party had not thought of a solution. He suddenly doubled up with an awful groan, and implored them to let him have some. Everybody roared with laughter. The official put the bottle back into its case and passed us on.

E. thinks that he must have thought it to be fulminating powder. I suppose he was afraid I should blow up the Lake of Constance.

The men are all holding up their glasses, and saying:

“ Here’s to old England ! God bless her ! ”

CHAPTER XII

PENSION POLYGLOT

GENEVA, *August 8th.*

Yesterday I wrote nothing in my diary, perhaps because of the weariness left by the confused journeying of the day before. We came with our crowd of fellow-refugees to Zurich, thence to Geneva. Here we can take the Lyons and Paris route to England, or, if we prefer it—and it seems likely that we shall—the Simplon and Milan route back to Florence. That is to say, if any trains are available. The French railways are, of course, quite uncertain. They may land their passengers in the midst of the fighting armies, or, what is less exciting, leave them for a week stranded on some desolate siding. And who knows but what Italy may also enter into the game, in which case we should find a difficulty in getting back to our old Florentine tower.

So far as we are concerned, there is no hurry; we can be just as happy here as any-

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where else. This is a pleasant summer city; the weather is perfect. We can pretend to be tourists and make voyages across the lake to the sunny villages that are sitting on its banks.

It is different with our fellow-refugees. For them every day of waiting is a thief, stealing something from their scarce supply of cash. We have tried to find out how one or two of them are circumstanced, hoping to be able to help. For the present they all say they can manage; it may be otherwise if they have to wait long. We are all staying at one of those shoddy second-rate hotels that puts most of its faith in lace curtains. It is noisy and uncomfortable. E. agrees with me that as soon as possible we must make a change. Anywhere to be quiet after the rush and tumble of the last few days.

All Switzerland is under arms; as far as police, passports, and sentinels go, it is very like Germany. So many curious things happen in war time. Germany, for instance, tears up the Scharnitz frontier which separates her from Austria, her friend and ally. The Swiss call up their fairly im-

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portant army, and stand on guard, as if daily expecting to be attacked. The countries are all afraid of each other; they keep one eye on their friend and the other on the enemy. One would think this little stack of lofty mountains was quite safe.

There was a notice posted up on a hoarding, saying that a meeting would be held to consider the case of British subjects left stranded in Switzerland. Having nothing to do, several of us decided to attend; there might be help, or at least information, to be gained from it. We found ourselves in the hall of a large hotel, which had been lent for the occasion. A large number of well-dressed people, most probably summer visitors, were already seated when we entered. We made our way to the back of the hall, where there were a few empty seats. A committee of serious and kindly men occupied a half-circle of chairs at one end. The chairman made a short speech, giving particulars of what had already been done for the stranded. A correspondence was going on with the English Ambassador at Berne concerning the possibilities of repatriation.

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It was hoped that special trains might be arranged to take people through without undue stoppages, but, of course, everything depended on the lines occupied by the combating armies. There might be a week or more to wait while things were arranged by the various authorities. Meanwhile, the committee was prepared to do their best for those who were stranded without money.

Hardly had he sat down when several people got up and addressed the committee. They wanted to know why trains could not be started at once, and who was going to recoup them for all the time they were wasting here? Also, were there free carriages on the train, and would the refreshments be of the best quality and available day and night—as some of them were ill, owing to anxiety and the delay occasioned by the thoughtlessness of the nations in going to war? Had the committee sent a protest to the Emperor William and King George and President Poincaré? and if not, why hadn't they? Did the committee think that the information they were able to give was worth anything to anybody?

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The committee, who were giving a good deal of their time, and in some cases their purses, to help their fellow-countrymen, were greatly taken aback by these attacks. The chairman lost his notes, and could not answer any of the questions without them. Someone tried to prompt him. Meanwhile the grumblers took it in turn to demand information which no one could possibly give. We were glad to see that the audience resented the interruptions. Two stalwart young men took one of the ingrates by the arms and sat him down firmly in his chair. His loudly vociferated complaint was that the committee had advertised the meeting at five o'clock, and had commenced it two minutes before the hour; therefore he was late, and had probably missed hearing the very thing he had come to hear—anyhow, he had not heard it. Did they call that a business-like proceeding? If they had wanted to hold the meeting at two minutes to five instead of five, why didn't they— But at this moment he was pulled back, and had to listen to some strong though whispered remarks from his nearest neighbours.

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When the meeting was breaking up, E. went to the chairman and thanked him in the name of ourselves and the others for the trouble the committee were taking. He said that he was sure that things could not be in better or more capable hands. The chairman was quite pleased, and asked E. for our address, saying he would be delighted to do anything to help us. E. was just going to apply for a loan, and to ask for two tickets on the Ambassador's train, when he remembered we did not want to go anywhere—at least, just yet; also we had no need of a loan. He said afterwards that he wanted to make the chairman feel how thoroughly we appreciated him. Of course, the other members of our party knew nothing about the thanks E. had returned for them till after, but they said it was just the same as if they had known before, and that he was quite right.

We are just going out to look for comfortable lodgings. We have quite decided to spend two or three weeks here before moving on.

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August 9th.

We did not find what we wanted yesterday—that is to say, anything within our price—so we are still sitting wearily in cafés and restaurants most of the day, and sleeping at our noisy hotel at night. Every now and then we come across other refugees and hear their histories. They have fled here from various places—Austria, Germany, and the East. One rather nice young fellow, who does something in Egypt, was to have been married on the 5th; but, of course, he was not there, and his bride still waits him in Ireland.

Some of our party heard that by taking a tram to Annemasse just over the French border, they could get a train to Paris. About a dozen of them have started, among others the couple with the children. We saw them off this morning, carrying their handbags. Poor things! Most of them are very tired. I hope they will have a decent journey.

I have been reading the Swiss papers. All the world is in a quiver to know what Italy will do. She may remain neutral.

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At any rate, she will not side with Austria; her people will not have it.

Later.

One of those kindly fellow-creatures that one sometimes runs across in emergencies has heard of a pension which may suit us. She says she will take us to see it to-morrow. It stands in a garden towards the eastern side of the town, on the road towards France. A green and wedge-shaped mountain, called the Salève, hangs over it and keeps it cool. It sounds most promising, and so does the prospectus which has been given us. The pension has a tennis-court and a skating-rink, and every other convenience, not forgetting to mention a vacuum cleaner.

This evening, as we were having supper in a little restaurant that we patronize because it is cheap, we saw outside a familiar crowd of dejected English. It was that other half of us that started to Paris via Annemasse this morning. They had spent the long hot day at the French station with hundreds of others, trying to get trains, and then trams to bring them back. None of

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them had known that before they could be allowed to proceed they would have to have their passports viséd by the French Consul. They said the French had cheered them to the skies when they said they were English, but all the same they would not let them pass. They had also heard that some trains took a week to get to Paris. They will have to wait until something more definite is known about the route.

August 13th.

We came some days ago to this pension, and are very contented to remain. Our room is quiet, and I have slept well all night. We are about a mile from the centre, and E. will be kept busy running down to buy newspapers. In the morning we get the Swiss *Tribune* and the Italian *Corriere della Sera*. In the evening we sometimes get a French paper, so we know a little of what is going on in three countries. English news is scarce, and even the Paris English papers are not to be had.

We have a strange mixture of nationalities in the pension. Americans, Germans, Austrians, Russians, Syrians—it seems a

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lengthy list. It might be thought that in such a curious crowd discords rather than harmonies would be prevalent. Yet, with one exception, we dwell together in amnesty, if not in friendship. The lady (she absolutely merits the designation) who rules over the pension has a gentle dignity which sets the tone of her house. The members of warring nations may avoid each other if they please, but they follow her lead of tolerance and breeding. Many of the pensionnaires have lived here for years, and know no other homes. Others are, like ourselves, simply waiting till the mobilization of armies allows them to return to their own countries.

I have said there is one exception to the general amnesty that obtains in the pension. This is a good-looking, well-dressed German, who cannot abstain from vaunting the prowess of her nation. As most of us are on the side of the Allies, life is rather uncomfortable for her, and it is entirely her own arrogant fault.

We dine in a long sort of conservatory that butts into the garden. At one end is

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the German table, at the other the Russian. Between them sit in a double row a mixture of nations, ourselves included. A polyglot babble of sound accompanies the meal, for each has the habit of talking in his or her own language. This, while it sometimes leads to mistakes, usually answers very well; we most of us understand a little of everything. At our end of the table Anglo-Saxon rules; we are placed beside, and facing, Americans.

The unpleasant thing about our end of the dining-room is that it is next to the German table. We can hear the enemy's voice every time there is a lull. In order that we shall miss nothing, she usually speaks our language.

"Ach! We have yesterday entered Liège!" we hear as the soup-plates are removed. Nobody says anything. The vegetable is handed round, and with it comes:

"He is marvellous, our Emperor!"

Young America, aged seventeen, stretches out her arms and draws a long breath.

"I want to fight for France. I guess I'm not taking any machine-made Germans."

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She looks across the table at us, her young voice challenging applause. E. strikes up a quiet but distinct conversation with her.

“The habits of the German Emperor are scarcely civilized,” he remarks. “He always starts breakfast by throwing the coffee-pot at the Empress.”

“And he won’t let her have any butter,” I put in.

“I guess that’s why she always looks so dowdy,” said the young American, thinking of the coffee.

“The Chancellor, Hollweg, tries to amuse them by turning somersaults, but sometimes the Emperor kicks him downstairs,” said E.

“You don’t say so! What a bad time the Empress must have!” says someone.

“She supports it with Christian fortitude as a rule. But she sometimes hits the lady-in-waiting on the head with her umbrella. It is her only amusement, poor woman!” E. said feelingly.

The enemy has a very high colour, and at such times she shows signs of suffocating, but she always returns to the charge. One

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understands the power of her indomitable nation when one sees her spreading devastation all round her, in spite of the fact that we are about twenty-five to one. It is true that we have no arms as deadly as she has; there is always the fact that the German army is winning. Every day it seems to us that the reports coming from Berlin are more exciting, and she drives it in without mercy. In fact, she seems to think we ought to be glad to hear it.

In the evening we walk in the garden and chat. The great clump of the Salève above us turns from green to rose in the after-glow. We hear everybody's histories from an American lady who has been here some time. She is a friendly and, I should say, usually a very cheerful little woman. Just now she is under a cloud—no remittances have arrived for her for some time. She is living on credit—a fact she takes much more to heart than does her hostess. Always at her heels trots a small melancholy dog, called Susie to disguise his sex.*

“The Syrians are a nice family,” she tells

* Please note that Susie was a gentleman.

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us. "The mother is that young-looking woman playing hide-and-seek over there with the children. You would not believe she has a son of twenty-two. She is here to educate her family. Her husband is paralyzed—he is at another pension. She spends all day with him and plays hide-and-seek in the evening. She thinks it is better for the children not to have the shadow of illness always over them."

Here was a revelation. We had a vague idea that Syrian women were shut up in harems, or allowed out sometimes as a treat with their heads muffled up. Yet here was one of them not only walking freely abroad, but shouldering her heavy burden with a brave front, and bringing up her children with an order and attention to their well-being that any Anglo-Saxon might be proud of. Our pension will teach us some facts that are not found in geographies.

We find an unoccupied seat at the end of the garden. Near us the mistress of the pension is playing croquet with some of her guests. The croquet-lawn gives many advantages to those who are in the habit of

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playing on it and who know how to avoid or take advantage of its inequalities. The newcomer, after a good look at it, usually prefers to take the part of onlooker. It is more to his advantage to give advice to the players than to try a game on his own account. When he does try he finds out why the advice has not been followed.

There comes up to us a square, delightful baby of three. She stands and looks at us, her finger in her mouth.

“This one belongs to the Austrians,” says Mrs. Tyrrell. “They are quite nice people, but very reserved. There are three of them—here for a holiday, and they cannot get back.” She bent down to the solid little girl that was staring at me.

“Does Alix think the lady pretty?”

Alix took her finger from her mouth, and said decidedly: “No.”

“Does Alix love me?”

“No.”

“Does Alix love Alix?”

“No,” not quite so decidedly.

After that she climbed on the seat, and sat quiet and ponderous beside Mrs. Tyrrell.

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“ Who is the American girl — the one who wants to fight for France ?” E. asked.

“ Oh, that is Mary Delane; she is here studying music. Her mother and aunt sit next to her at table. The old Swiss at the other end was once an operatic singer—they do say something great. The stout woman has been here fourteen years. She always sits next to Madame de Lantier. Isn't madame a dear! She has managed this place for nobody knows how long. Don't, Susie. Can't you see we are all talking?”

The sad little dog, that had been trying to sit on some one, resigns himself to the grass at our feet.

A quick, energetic footstep sounds on the gravel path.

The Enemy emerges into view from behind some shrubs; in her hand she has a quantity of unpleasant-looking fungi which she has been collecting from grass and trees. Coming to an almost military stop before our seat she ignores us, speaking excitedly to Mrs. Tyrrell.

“ Another fort at Liége has fallen,” she

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bursts out. "I have a telephone message from our Consul received."

"No," said Alix solidly, thinking she was addressed. The rest of us were silent; we had nothing to say. We were hoping against hope that the Belgians would be able to hold those forts.

E. got up and strolled towards the croquet-lawn. Mrs. Tyrrell picked up the dog and tucked him under her arm.

"I must take Susie indoors," she said. "He has fits, and the night air is bad for him."

She went up the path towards the house, leaving Alix and myself on the seat, exposed to the full blast of the Enemy. I capitulated without terms.

"What have you there? Are they good to eat?" I asked.

She made a determined attempt to meet my advances, picking out the fungi one by one and showing them.

"They are mushrooms—toadstools, you call them, is it not? Yes, they are gut—very gut. I shall to the cook give them, for the sauces."

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I took one of the mushrooms from her; it was of a yellowish hue—turned greenish with age.

“That is the Chanterelle, is it not?”

“No, madame. That is the Pleurotus.”

“And is it really good to eat? I don’t know anything about them, but——”

“It is of the best, madame.”

“No,” said Alix suddenly, feeling herself neglected. The Enemy seized the chance. She lifted the little girl from the seat.

“Come. You must to bed go, little one. I will you to your maid take.” Alix gave her hand and trotted off solemnly, the Enemy slacking her quick steps to keep time with the child.

When E. came back I said to him:

“I do not think the English are taking any sauce to-morrow.”

“She will pour it down our throats,” he said dejectedly.

CHAPTER XIII

OUR LITTLE ARMY

GENEVA, *August 14th.*

The war is still against us. We get paper after paper, hoping to find in some corner a message or telegram that would lighten the darkness.

I dream of horses' hoofs thundering by; sometimes they trample on me, and I wake in an agony of fear. That E. is little better I have had an unpleasant proof. Going to wake him this morning, he struck out and landed me a blow as I leant over him. Fortunately it did not come straight at me or I would have been stunned. He was so sorry.

Two of our party of refugees came up to-day, and we kept them to lunch. It was a change for them to sit under the trees in the garden, after so much of the stuffy cafés! They gave us news about everybody. The pretty, capable girl has got her passport viséd and gone off; she says she will get through to

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England somehow. The rest are waiting about, hoping that the special train will be arranged by the Ambassador at Berne.

All of them feel demoralized and worn out. The men drink too much for their health; they have nothing to do and nowhere to go. It is impossible for the average man to spend all day looking at the Lake of Geneva.

E. walked back with the two refugees as far as the English garden, where they found the others. They all look dreadfully bored and dispirited, he says; he begged them to come up in pairs to see us. A pension meal is much better than they can afford to give themselves just now; also the garden is always fresh and green to sit in and talk.

The Syrian family are quite interesting; their mother is a very able and well-educated woman. Osmal, the fifteen-year-old son, has the nice manners of a public-school boy. Just now he is studying German, and Mrs. Tyrrell helps him. They are to be seen every morning sitting in the garden, she with her knitting, he with his grammar; the melancholy Susie in attendance near at hand.

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An English nurse often brings a boy of six to play in the garden. She sometimes gets a *Times*, many days old, which she lends to us. Of course, it has nothing in it about the War, but it is interesting to know what they were thinking in England just before the maelström burst. The little boy, who is a mixture of French and Italian, plays about with his mail-cart, to which is tied an aristocratic Pekinese. Susie, who is a pure mongrel, positively loathes the other dog.

We have made friends with the serious Russians who sit at the farther table. Yesterday I was looking on the map for England, which is always so difficult to find. On their part they were tracing the boundary of Russia, which it is impossible to miss. E. came to my assistance just as I had alighted on Sweden and Norway. The Russians made room for him.

“ You have no difficulty in finding your country,” E. said in French.

“ But no, m’sieu; it is very large.”

“ And your army is very large, too ?”

“ Yes; I do not quite know how large. Perhaps seven millions of men.”

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“And how large is the English army?” his wife asked.

“About a hundred and fifty thousand, madame,” E. answered. There was a dead silence. We felt the English army fade away; it was a mere speck, a grain of dust, an invisible star in space.

“Why do the English send men to France?” said the Russian gently. “They must want their army at home.” He did not say our army was no good to France, that it was too small, but all the same we felt those innumerable Russians flowing over our few men, and hiding them away. Let us hope they will flow over Germany!

The Russians were very serious after this conversation. Their belief in an alliance with England crumpled up like paper. A country that could not be found on the map, and a mere unit of an army, was not much use to them.

August 15th.

The Sabbath feeling which we felt when we first arrived at Geneva continues. The Swiss have commandeered all the petrol, and there are no taxi-cabs to be seen. A

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few old horse-drawn vehicles crawl about the streets. In the English garden is always a well-dressed crowd of women; men are few and far between.

It is the cleanest town we have ever seen, probably owing to its brilliant atmosphere. Various little decorations, intensely Swiss, catch the eye everywhere. The lamp-posts have green boxes filled with geraniums and other flowers attached half-way up. The effect is festive and comic.

When we first came we thought it curious that Switzerland should mobilize all her forces, but now we begin to understand. The Swiss are exceedingly afraid of the Germans. One of the former remarked yesterday:

“If Germany triumphs over France, she will not respect our neutrality. Then also she might feel inclined to make Italy pay for not joining in, in which case we stand in her way, much as Belgium blocked Germany’s way to France. Besides, we do not want the nations fighting their battles on our land, and already we are hard pressed by them.”

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This is true. Some German soldiers, escaping from the enemy, got over the border. The Swiss disarmed them, and put them in mild confinement. They would do the same in the case of the French.

Let alone standing on the road to Italy, they have also a fear that the Emperor William would be pleased to retain a few of their mountains. From them he could dominate both Italy and France. We should look upon this as too grasping even for the Maccellai, as the Italians have taken to call him, were it not for curious incidents that take place now and then.

Coming up in the tram yesterday, some of the people here saw a well-dressed German offer a coin to the conductor in payment of his fare.

"This is a German coin," said the man.
"We do not take them."

"Ach! you will soon," said the German insolently. The conductor took him by the arm, and with the help of another passenger dropped him on to the road.

An almost similar incident comes from Berne. Here the aggressor was a woman,

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Looking out of the train at the mountains, she remarked:

“How beautiful this country is! And to think it will some day belong to Germany!”

The Swiss who heard her forgot his gallantry, and promptly boxed her ears.

These things show how the wind blows. Meanwhile the Swiss wait armed, until one side or the other wins, and, while waiting, show a great deal of hospitality to the strangers within their gates. All the hôtels and pensions are giving credit. Madame de Lantier has probably not received half the payments due to her since the War began.

I know the Austrians here are unable to pay up, and Mrs. Tyrrell frets greatly because her money is still in retard. Every now and then she slaps Susie hard, and makes up for it by petting him afterwards.

We got a letter from Florence to-day from the doctor, urging us to return at once. He says Italy is quite quiet at present, and the price of food has gone down. Nobody is sure whether she will remain neutral. There seems to be considerable movement with

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the troops. The children, he writes, are still gathering whortleberries; the wild strawberries are over.

August 19th.

The bells of St. Peter's toll for the passing of Pius X. He must be glad to give up a life which has always burdened him with its greatness. He is sinking quite peacefully, his hands folded on the crucifix and his two old sisters watching by his side.

Years ago in Venice we knew him well. A gentle, kindly personality, he must have loathed the honours thrust upon him.

Germany is stirring up the wretched Turks. Apropos of this, the Italians quote an old Russian proverb: "In fin dei conti, che paga e la Turchia." This time Turkey will indeed pay, and pay heavily.

The Swiss have called up their Landsturm. This is the second reserve, and it is not supposed to fight, but rather to guard the frontiers and railways. When we went down this evening, we saw some of them standing about in the old uniforms that had been folded up for so many years. The coats were very tight, and occasionally some

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of the middle buttons could not be fastened. Several of the men appeared to have atrocious colds, but we were told it was the pepper in their clothes that made them weep and sneeze. Their wives had been very careful to protect the old uniforms from the moths.

All the same, some of them had a sort of rejuvenated air. The thoughts of their youth have been brought back to them. No matter if their coats pull them up at the back, and won't fasten in front; they are ready if their country wants them.

Everybody is knitting bandages for the wounded. They are made in soft cotton about three inches wide and two yards long. As they cost eighty centimes to make, E. suggests that somebody connected with hospitals has a large stock of cotton and knitting-needles to dispose of. An excellent and much more sanitary bandage can be bought for threepence.

It is possible that the doctors have been so worried by women and girls, who want to do something for the hospitals, that they have hit upon this plan of keeping them employed. As all the schools as well as

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other people are making them, they will soon have thousands of bandages and no wounded.

At the pension Mrs. Tyrrell has already made one and a half. The Syrian boy winds her cotton, and Mary Delane picks up the stitches. Susie has once tried to eat the cotton, but it tickled his throat, and he gave it up.

August 20th.

The Pope is dead.

To-day has been sad and depressing. News has come through that the Germans have burnt Badonvillier and shot several of the inhabitants. One of the Princes is reported to have said:

“The French are savages. Strike strongly, and make an example here.”

Life goes on very quietly in the pension—almost too quietly for E. He misses the car and the almost daily work and amusement it gave him. I wonder if it is still sitting in the police garage next to its blood-stained comrade, in which the innocents were slaughtered!

All the museums here are closed. E. went

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to the Observatory, which raises a conspicuous dome not far from here. He found it shut up, and the astronomer left in charge proved unapproachable. This is the first time E. has ever been refused entrance to an observatory.

Two young mothers with very small babies have arrived at the pension. One is a Prussian and the other Swiss. Both of their fathers are in their respective armies, and the women have faced child-birth for the first time alone and among comparatively strange surroundings. The babies show the separate characteristics of their nations. The little Switzer is a placid, amiable infant, with an early smile for those who look under the hood of his pram; the Prussian baby makes more noise than any baby I have ever heard. Perhaps it is because the Enemy has taken him and his mother under her special charge.

The mother is a sweet-faced woman with a gentle voice. She speaks English excellently, and we would like to talk to her sometimes, but she is too well guarded. There are times, when the Enemy has been

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holding forth for some length, that the poor woman looks as if she would give anything to be left alone.

To-night we are more depressed than ever. We have had a shock, and though we know the thing is impossible, yet in these days it seems that the impossible can happen. After dinner we were sitting with the Russians talking over the day's news, when Madame de Lantier came in. This in itself was unexpected, for she usually retires to her own room in the evening. Her fine face was unusually disturbed, and the lace on her white hair disarranged.

"A man who has brought things for the cook has also brought bad news," she said. "They say that Italy has joined Austria and Germany. They have represented that it is dishonourable for her to back out of her agreement with them."

The men got up from the table. It is needless to say that we were all thoroughly aghast.

"Is it in the papers?" E. asked.

"They are crying it in the streets, and they say Italy is letting the Austrian troops pass through Savoy," she said.

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By this time we had recovered from the shock. All sorts of reasons had occurred to us to prove that it could not be true.

"We know Italy pretty well," E. said. "Its people will not march with Austria. They have not yet forgotten the Trentino."

"But Germany may have promised to give it back if they join with her," said the Russian.

"It is impossible. There would be civil war. The Socialists would order a general strike, and everything would be at a deadlock, as it was a month ago," E. said.

"For three days we had neither trams, trains, nor shops," I added. "What they have done once they can again. The Government cannot force them to do anything against their will, and their will is to fight Austria, not to join with her. They won't care a bit for promises. Besides, the Pope is dead. They will be occupied with electing his successor."

The Enemy, who had been sitting at another table, got up and went out of the room. We heard the click as she took the stopper out of the telephone, and knew that

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she was going to ring up her unhappy Consul. After a moment she came back and resumed her reading. He had probably arranged not to be at home to calls.

We succeeded in partly convincing ourselves that the news was untrue, but I do not think that we made much impression on the others.

We have come up to bed with very sad hearts. All the same, we cannot believe Italy will march with Austria. For ten days or more all her mind will be centred in Rome, and in the stately ceremonials that the death of the Holy Father and the election of a new Pope require. She is far more likely to take the attitude that she is too much engaged to think of war.

I can hear the quick step of the Enemy as she comes along the passage. She stops at a door at the farther end and knocks. The low wail of an infant comes through to us as it opens.

We hear an energetic whispering lasting about five minutes, then a low voice says "Good-night," and the door closes softly. The quick footsteps return along the pas-

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sage. They pass our door with a firmness almost more accentuated than usual. There is a diabolically triumphant note about them that makes me want to go outside in the passage and sing "Rule Britannia." I might get Mary Delane and Susie to help me. We should make a gorgeous row.

I go out and knock at the next door. Mary Delane comes out in a dressing-gown, her hair in two dark plaits.

"Mary, the Enemy is on the war-path. Will you come out in the passage and sing 'Rule Britannia'?"

"Sure I will, only I don't know it," says Mary.

"You can find some words as you go along. 'John Brown's body' will do."

"Come inside and let us try it," says Mary. We go inside the room and try it, with the result that Mary doubles up on the bed. E. knocks at the dividing-wall and asks what the row is.

"We are going to sing 'John Brown Rules Britannia.'"

"You will upset the baby."

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“That is the aim to be attained,” I said. “We are going to punish the guilty through the innocent. He will have spasms all night, and will be ill and die to-morrow. Just what I want. The Enemy will be struck in her only vulnerable spot. She loves that baby.”

“Poor baby!” said Mary’s mother, who had joined the party. We were all in dressing-gowns.

“I don’t care,” I said. “Necessity knows no law. . . . War is war, and not a game. . . . Strike hard, and make an example.”

“Come along and go to bed,” E. said, with his head round the door.

“The Enemy shall not insult the good English by walking triumphantly in their passage,” I said. . . . Here someone below turned off the lights. They have that ridiculous system by which the housekeeper can plunge the entire house in darkness by one twist of her fingers. I came back to my room, but I do not feel at all sleepy. What is there rotten about the English? . . . They cannot carry out the first rudiments of war.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ENEMY

GENEVA, *August 21st.*

We slept very fitfully last night, and had unusually oppressive dreams. It may have been the strawberry ices we had for dessert.

E. said he had found himself making a speech to the King of Italy on the advisability of supplying the army with microscopes. He proved to the King that by means of a drop of blood on a slide it could at once be seen to what nation the enemy belonged.

I had my usual charge of cavalry. The thundering hoofs passed above me in some dark place in which I hid. I heard the horses scream as they fell. . . . Only once in my life have I heard a horse scream. I hope I never will again.

Once awake we got hastily into our clothes, and went down to get a newspaper.

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We wanted to know about Italy—if she were really going in on the wrong side. But there was no news whatever. The Pope was still dead, and the Cardinals and Archbishops had been summoned to Rome. Evidently someone had played an unkind joke on Geneva. We breathed with greater freedom.

The Enemy passed out of the door as we were reading. She was as well dressed and as full of business as usual. We watched her go down the path and out of the gate, turning towards the town. Doubtless she has gone to worry her Consul and read his correspondence. She says he has no secrets from her. Unhappy man!

Under the plum-trees we found little Alix and Susie. Only one of the pair had that contentment which goes with warmth and well-being. Susie is not accustomed to children; they get on his nerves. Just now he disliked them more than usual. Alix was holding him by the collar, and was quietly but firmly pulling out tufts of hair.

“No,” she said emphatically, as he struggled to get away. Her grasp grew

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tighter; he turned up his eyes; we thought he would have one of his fits.

"Poor Susie! you are hurting him. Let him go, Alix."

"No."

E. reached and gathered a plum. He bent down and offered it to the little girl, who held out her hand. This released Susie, and we walked off with him while she was biting pieces of the fruit with her square white teeth.

In a remote corner of the garden, next to the dust-heap, we found Susie's mistress. It was not the sort of spot one would choose as a place to bask in on a summer morning, and she was evidently hiding. Her knitting-needles were clicking sharply, and she was dropping stitches all over the place.

"Is that woman anywhere about?" she asked abruptly. There was no need for us to inquire who the woman was.

"The Enemy has sailed down to town with all her flags flying," E. answered.

She left off dropping stitches, and we left cover for a more sanitary spot. Susie, having caught sight of Alix in the distance, got almost under her skirt.

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“She won’t let me alone,” Mrs. Tyrrell said, her lips trembling. “She will tell me all about German victories. . . . I suppose she thinks, because I am American, she can say what she likes. I like to come down to breakfast at eight o’clock. So does she. No one else is so early, and she brings her breakfast to my table. For a week I’ve had my coffee upstairs, just to get way from her, but I don’t like it. . . . And this morning was so bright and sunny I came down. She started off at once. I can’t bear it.”

“What has she been saying now?” we asked.

“She says that no army can stand before the Emperor. . . . One would think he was a god. Every nation, it seems, wants putting to rights—by the Germans. She said that America and Germany must work together; that in the future they will be neighbours and allies. She has heard at the Consulate that they have bought up Brazil and Chili. As soon as England is conquered, their Emperor is going out to make laws and set up his flag.”

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We laughed at this, but she remained grave.

“ She says the Consul has no secrets from her. . . . I believe she is a spy !”

“ If so, she is a very bad one,” E. said. “ She is giving away all Germany’s plans.”

“ I know there are a lot of Germans in South America. . . . I believe that mad Emperor wants all the world,” she persisted.

“ But the world doesn’t want him . . . and, besides, you know that a prophetess has said that on the twenty-ninth of September he will disappear in a sheet of blue flame,” I said.

But she would not be comforted. The crux of the matter was yet to come. Suddenly she put down her knitting on the seat, and took out her handkerchief.

“ She says that Germany has got all the money. All the English banks have failed . . . even the Bank of England has something . . . it sounds like ‘ crematorium.’ All my money comes through England, you know . . . and they have not sent me any for a long time.”

“ But the banks have not failed . . .

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your money is sure to come," E. assured her.

"She does worry me so. . . . She says madame will be ruined by the people who do not pay her . . . she means me. She says she can always pay on the very day. It was a shame to live on people and not to pay them."

The poor little lady was almost weeping. The Enemy had undermined all her defences. I expect the taunt about the banks was in revenge for a fluttering attempt on the part of the victim to repudiate the friendship between America and Germany.

"Now just listen," I said, after a rapid exchange of glances with E. "Don't let your debt to madame worry you. We have lots of money . . . all the money we had to take to Austria to pay the duty on our car. Well . . . we shall lend it to you . . . it doesn't matter when you pay it back. We know the English banks are all right. Your money is as safe as if you had it in your hand."

She did cheer up a little after this. She would not take the money. She said she would wait one more week.

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After all, it might come through any day, but it was good to feel she had friends to apply to at need.

Just then the Syrian boy came up to ask a little help in his German. We left her unravelling her bandage with the intention of knitting it all over again. This is the third time it has been reconstructed.

We walked down to the lake, and listened to the music at a café. It seems that the Swiss Government has given orders that the greatest care shall be taken not to excite the crowd, and so cause any demonstration that may be taken as a leaning towards the Allies, or on the other part towards the Triplice.

The joke runs that a street piano took up its position near a corner, where a member of the Landsturm was on guard. The piano started off on a Strauss waltz. The street musician was sternly reprimanded.

"You must leave off that," said the sentinel. "It shows a leaning towards Germany."

The piano struck up, "You made me love you." The sentinel was still more severe.

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“That,” he said, “shows a tendency towards England.”

The piano started again. This time it ventured on the “Merry Widow,” only to be brought to a full stop by the rattle of the soldier’s musket.

“Name of God!” said the sentinel, “don’t play anything Austrian. We shall have Italy on our shoulders in no time.” Then the poor musician played the Swiss National Anthem all day, and was found dead of exhaustion at night.

We see no more of the refugees who came with us from Munich. Probably they took the train that was provided by the Ambassador. How pleased the Committee must be to have the stranded British off its hands! They can now rest from their labour and read their newspapers in peace.

Not that there will be much comfort for them in that pastime, for the news seems to get worse every day. No wonder we cannot any of us stand up to the Enemy. Truth in most things points her weapons.

I feel so blood-thirsty I should like to get her in a corner and challenge her. . . .

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Unfortunately, she is twice my size, and E. can't hit a woman . . . sometimes he wishes he could.

August 23rd.

Austria is getting extremely afraid of Italy, of what will happen when the Pope is laid in his tomb and his successor elected. She is making an excellent use of the time of waiting by still further strengthening herself in the Trentino.

The immense forts we saw as we passed up the valley of the Adige are being put into new order. Ditches, trenches, and palisades are being made in the mountains. As so many men have been drained off to the War, they are making use of the women. The price of living is raised very much, especially in Trent, where they have difficulty in getting in provisions. The only thing of which they have plenty is wine.

I remember well the casks and casks that were heaped up in the inn-yard at Salurn, where we spent our first night in Austria. The unfortunate wine-growers have not been able to sell their last year's stock, and the

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new vintage is coming on next month. This means that they have no barrels in which to put this year's wine.

In their distress the grape-growers have appealed to the commandant of the corp in which the Trentino men are drafted to buy a quantity of wine for the soldiers, but they have been refused. Possibly the Austrian Army is following the lead of the Germans, and giving no alcohol whatever to the men. In the Italian Army, whenever possible, the men are allowed a small quantity of wine as part of their rations.

The Trentinos are, of course, more Italian than Austrian, and it is, perhaps, because of this that the wine-growers have been snubbed. Poor conquered valleys! your impetuous rivers will yet run blood, as do those of Alsace and Lorraine.

No wonder that the gathering of land-owners at the inn of Salurn was grave and sad. A worse foe than the Phylloxera threatened them. They lay nearest to the portals of Italy, and in case of war will be the first to suffer.

And to think how joyfully we progressed

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up the Val d'Adige!—how lightly we spoke of the little quarrel with Servia! We had much to learn, and are learning yet. It is not a month ago since we started from Florence, and all the world is shaking.

August 29th.

The Germans have burned the beautiful little town of Louvain, which is the Oxford of Belgium. Only the Town Hall remains of all its fine buildings. The church is partially destroyed, and they have shot several people.

It seems that the citizens fired on the troops, and, as usual, the Germans made an example. With all their ability, they do not understand human nature. They are laying up a terrible reckoning for themselves. It is dreadful to think what will happen when the German wounded fall into the hands of the desperate village folk. There will be no cold-blooded example then, and who can judge them?

CHAPTER XV

WE SALUTE FRANCE

GENEVA, *August 30th.*

The French maid burst in with our coffee this morning in great excitement. There had been an English victory on the sea, she said. Madame Tyrrell had sent us the newspaper. Should she not open the window that we might see the good news ?

Louise has two brothers in the French army. She is very much afraid she will have to leave the pension, and go to look after her old mother, who is left alone in her cottage. She lives just over the border near Annemasse.

E. got the paper first. He took so long to read it that I grew impatient, and nearly drank all his coffee in revenge. We have most excellent coffee, but we often wish we had more of it.

The German fleet seems to have been smashed up near Heligoland. There were

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very few particulars in the papers, but there appears to have been a real victory for the British ships. On the other hand, the Germans are making straight for Paris.

What with the good and bad news my heart was so full that I wanted to do something. The frontier was quite near—a few miles, they told us. We would go and salute France, and bid her be of good cheer.

E. argued that the heat and the walk would be too much for me. The Swiss miles were extremely long, and we did not know the way. He gave in very reluctantly when he found I had set my heart upon it.

The first part of the road was quite pleasant. The trees in this part of Switzerland are of very fine growth. There are some really good country houses, half hidden among plantations and small parks. About half-way we came to a break in the trees, and could look for miles over undulating ground veiled by the most delicate of summer mists. In front the immense green wedge of the Salève came nearer and nearer, till it seemed to come quite over us.

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At last we came to the Swiss Sentinel. E. showed our English passport.

“We want to make a promenade in France,” I said.

“But, madame, I shall be most happy to let you pass. It does not, however, depend on me; the French barrier finds itself ten minutes farther on.”

We walked on, and encountered a band of very sad-looking French soldiers. They were on the look-out for us. We showed the passport to an officer.

“This paper does not allow you to cross the frontier; it should be signed by the French Consul,” he said.

Now, we knew this before we started; it was one of the reasons E. put forth for not coming. But I had been so certain that the sight of his bland face, under his broad-brimmed grey felt, would be sufficient guarantee for us that I had refused to listen. Now I broke in with my bad French, and with tears in my eyes.

“We should so like to salute France, m’sieu—we want to wish her good cheer.”

The grave officer looked at us; he turned the passport over and considered.

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“It is English—it ought to be good enough,” he said. “Are you coming back to-day?”

“We shall return in half an hour—we wish only to pay our respects to France.”

“Monsieur and madame may pass.”

So we got through. E. took off his hat to the French flag, which was waving on a bank. For about half an hour we rested under the shadow of the Salève, and then returned. The French soldiers nodded as we passed. Farther on at the other frontier the friendly Swiss sentinel came to meet us.

“Did they let you pass?” he asked.

“But certainly, m’sieu.”

“C’est all right—les Anglais sont all right,” he said, rejoiced to show off his word of English.

“The Swiss are all right too,” we said.

It was a long way back, and being Sunday we could not find a train. My feet are all blistered, and I feel like a genuine pilgrim.

The pension has acquired a sample of another nation, a particularly charming one, a Roumanian lady travelling with her little

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girl. She has come through from France, where she has been on a visit. In sentiment she is entirely French. We find her a great acquisition, and the little brown daughter has vanquished all the nations by her fearless tactics. She has cannonaded young America with the hay in a near meadow, made Switzerland into a beast of burden, and conquered Russia by getting between his feet and upsetting him. The downfall of Russia was great joy to her.

The mother says that Roumania is entirely with Servia. The King, who is a Hohenzollern, has no power, although he is much beloved. Bulgaria will remain neutral. This is a great comfort to us, as we have been afraid Bulgaria would be on the side of Turkey. This lady talks with great vivacity; our French is just good enough to allow us to understand the greater part of what she says. We like her jolly way of laughing and frowning at the same time; she has a great hatred of Germany.

“I shall ask my husband to let me flirt with some German officers, and then—gurr-rr-rr!” she said. The expressive movement

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of her shoulders and pretty long fingers told the rest.

Some of the people at the pension are feeling unwell; they think the mushrooms must have upset them. Everybody collects them. Every day a large and suspicious-looking lot are given to the cook. To-day she has been requested to put them only in the sauce that is served at the German table.

The Russians are very sad. Someone has written an article in a Swiss paper saying that their army is a horde of barbarians. Now all the Russians we know are simple and kindly people; anyway they cannot be worse than the Germans are in Alsace. We tried to cheer our friends by saying unpleasant things about William.

“That sanguinary man will be rolled flat by your enormous army,” I said.

“Let us hope so, madame. We place much faith in our Cossacks. They are very brave, and full of ardour.”

“Have you many of them?”

“About six hundred thousand. They are magnificent soldiers.”

“We are told they are very fierce,” I said.

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“Not at all; they have much valour in battle, but when not engaged they are the gentlest of men.”

“They are usually fine riders, are they not?” E. asked

“They live with their horses, a race not big, but long in body and very strong; they have thick tails. At a touch of the rider’s hand they sink to the ground. On cold nights they lie partly on their masters to keep them from the cold,” said the Russian.

These details always set me wondering—I mean about the horses. Where does Mrs. Cossack come in? Does she share the living blanket? Is it comfortable to have an animal, not big, but very long, with a thick tail, mixed up with one’s pots and pans?

August 31st.

The Cardinals assembled at Rome did little yesterday towards the election of their head; their time and their sympathy was given to the unhappy Cardinal Archbishop of Malines. He broke down and wept over his destroyed city and his desolate people. The Emperor does himself no good by his

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vandalism, especially in Italy, where the hearts of the people are very warm.

The German army is still reported as pursuing its path of wrecking. There are tales of the shooting of priests and also of the officers using the towers of the churches as platforms for their guns. The Emperor seems to have some special grudge against the Catholics. Yet our friends the Bavarians belong to the Mother Church. I cannot think they would willingly commit such sacrilege. In the Middle Ages the churches were left untouched; they were sanctuaries for the helpless.

Now the Bâle newspapers report that there is no place of safety for the women and children. In their flight they get tangled among the army and trodden down.

Both E. and myself feel the want of doing something; it is so difficult to wait in patience day after day. E. would go to England, and offer his services as chauffeur to the army, but there must be many hundreds of younger men applying for such posts. He has several nephews, some of them admirably trained mechanics, who probably have

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offered themselves in some capacity to their country. It is trying not being able to get any news from England.

I have sent a lot of postcards, written in my very remarkable French. I hope some of them get through.

It is good to feel that the American women feel as I do myself. One of them goes into a Swiss hospital to-morrow to train for the Red Cross. She says she has had great difficulty in getting in; there are so many applicants.

Looking over the map it strikes one that in the path of the armies lie some of the most beautiful cathedrals of France and of the world—Rheims, Amiens, and the exquisite fragment of Beauvais; but I think the Emperor, with all his thoughtlessness, will give orders concerning their safety.

An idea has just come to me. If the Americans made a big protest the churches might be protected. Let us hope that the President will do something—protest to all the nations; that would not interfere with his neutrality. Very likely many things are being done that we do not hear about, but I

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want to do something myself. I shall go downstairs and talk to my American friends about it.

September 1st.

No change in the fortunes of war.

The *Swiss Revue* says:

“ One can never say enough of the method, of the care of all detail, with which Germany has prepared for war. More than once she has been helped in this task by the almost naïve confidence of those who are to-day her victims. We have before us the number of our journal of July 30th, 1913. This is what we published at this date under the title of the ‘ Forts of Liége ’:

“ ‘ The Governor of the provinces of the Rhine, the Commandant of the 8-ième corps, and many German officials, have obtained from the Belgian Ministers of War the permission to visit the works of the fortified position of Liége. ’ ”

The *Revue* adds that possibly at this time Germany was thinking of war. It seems a dreadful thing, though E. argues that a country with a geographical position like Germany has to think of war.

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This morning the Enemy in the house decided to make an attack on the Russians. We were lunching at our long middle table in the glass dining-room. At our back hangs the big map, which is frequently consulted by us all. Suddenly the Enemy got up from her table at the farther end of the room, marched behind our chairs, and stuck a triumphant finger on Charleroi.

“We are there,” she said; “we are getting on!” She gave a hard kind of nod at the Russian table, and went back to her seat. We were very glad to see that while she was annihilating her enemies her table companions ate up all her share of fruit.

She does not pay much attention to us, regarding us as poor things not worthy of her prowess.

“Those English live in Italy—they don’t know anything,” she tells the Americans.

A little incident comes through from Rome. A telegraph clerk was in communication with Berlin. He began a friendly conversation with the man at the other end.

“How goes it in Berlin?” he asked.

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“Wonderful!—we shall be in Paris in two days,” said the German.

The Italian was quick to reply: “We shall be at Trento and Trieste in three.”

The German answered by telegraphing a series of notes of interrogation.

The Italian replied with the first verse of the “Marseillaise.” In the middle he was shut off. The Berlin authorities complained to Rome, and the clerk was placed under arrest for a breach of neutrality. All the same I don’t think he will be under arrest long. The Italians love a joke.

Happy thought!—we will get Mary Delane to play the “Marseillaise” to-night, and all the nations except the German shall join in. The Enemy’s bedroom is just above the piano.

Mrs. Tyrrell has been taken down to the town by E. They will have tea, and afterwards go to a cinematograph; we think this will cheer her up. Susie has been shut up in the bedroom; I can hear him making a melancholy little howl across the passage.

I have written to Florence—to the Faithful and also to the doctor. We do not want

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to return till August is over. Even should Italy mobilize, I think we shall get home all right, though we may be somewhat long on the way.

Yesterday I could not find an opportunity to talk to the Americans about the cathedrals of France. To-day proved more fortunate; I found several of them knitting bandages under one of the big trees in the garden. They were very sympathetic, and said they would carry out anything that was feasible. The trouble was there was so little they could do.

“You could telegraph to your President to do something,” I said.

“Poor man!—he is probably overdone with telegrams,” said one.

“They say the cable is cut, and it takes some time to get a message sent from here by Marconi,” said another.

“There are several very well-known Americans resident in Geneva. Shall we go to them?” said the first.

Mary Delane looked up from the knitting she was doing so badly.

“I will go to our Consul—if you will write

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out a paper for me to show him," she said. "I am only a girl, and I am afraid he won't take much notice of me, but he will give me a list of American residents here. I can go around and get them to sign."

After talking a little we found the only thing to do was to send our protest to a newspaper, on the chance that some influential person would see it, or that the French and other papers would copy it. The one American journal that could receive it in time was the *New York Herald*.

In fact we thought it better to get it off as soon as possible, without waiting for influential signatures. It would probably be some time on the way; meanwhile, that machine-like army was marching onwards.

This is the letter that was sent off asking the editor of the *New York Herald* to print it as the protest of some American women:

"As advocates of the beautiful in all countries, we wish to protest against the destruction of ancient monuments, more especially of churches, that seems likely to continue in this disastrous war.

"As members of the Christian Faith—

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both Catholic and Protestant—we view with horror the relapse into a barbarism unworthy of civilized nations.

“The cannons have already mutilated Malines and Louvain, but there still remain, in too close a proximity to the pathway of war, some of the most beautiful cathedrals of France and of the world.

“We ask, and we call upon others to ask, that the Red Cross shall wave over the houses of God, and that in all cases where they are not required for the wounded they shall be considered as sanctuaries for the women and children and the aged. We ask of the Heads of the great Powers, of Russia, Germany, and Austria, of England and France, that they shall give orders to their Generals to avoid the vicinity of the churches, and leave them as shelters for those who wait and pray, in sorrow and anguish, for their nation’s welfare and their nation’s dead.”

We shall probably never know whether our protest gets published or not, but we have done what we could. There is one thing we pride ourselves on, and that is—

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even the President cannot think American neutrality is compromised by this protest.

Mrs. Tyrrell and E. came home in quite a happy frame of mind. They had seen a truly interesting cinematograph, with a motor race and other exciting incidents.

Later.

When we knew that the Enemy had gone up to bed, all the nations—English, American, Russian, Syrian, and Roumanian—went into the little sitting-room; there were so many that the place was quite crowded. Mary Delane seated herself at the piano, and we commenced the “Marseillaise” in our various manners. Of course, nobody remembered the words, but we made a beautiful noise.

The Enemy silenced us even in that. We heard an energetic opening and shutting of doors overhead, hurried voices at the top of the stairs, then a gentle tap at the door.

“If you please—would you mind leaving off?” said the voice of the Prussian mother. “My baby is very restless; I am afraid you will wake him.”

Now the only time that baby is ever silent is when he hears the piano going.

CHAPTER XVI
YOUNG SYRIA JOKES

GENEVA, *September 2nd.*

To-night we shall hear about the new Pope. All Rome is watching for the signal in the great space before St. Peter's. When the smoke goes up from the chimneys of the Vatican there will be a breathless silence, an intense few moments of waiting for the announcement that one of the great Cardinals has succeeded to the honours and burden of Pius X. Sometimes a powerful Catholic nation, such as Austria, intervenes, and demands another choice. Then the votes are again collected and burnt. The anxious crowd regains its attitude of watchfulness, and all eyes are strained to catch the first glimpse of the thin grey spirals against the sky.

Meanwhile all the world is asking what will Italy do when the Papal question is settled. Will she retain her neutrality, or

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will she throw the weight of her well-trained thousands into the scales of this tremendous War ?

We have concluded to return to Florence. The weather will be fine, and the country, with its harvest of grapes bending down the vines, will be at its best. Also we shall be far away from the theatre of war; here, where we seem just on the borderland, there is too much unrest. It would be better if we were nearer it still, because there might be something to do . . . some help to give. This sitting at the gate and waiting is trying for nerve and soul.

Romain Rolland, the author of "Jean Christophe," that book of many volumes, has written to the well-known German savant, Gerhart Hauptmann, summoning him to protest against the terrible havoc wrought in Belgium. It is a strong appeal. He says:

"In the name of the honour of your race I adjure, I summon you—you and the élite of the German intellectuals amongst whom I count so many friends—to protest with all your energy against these crimes, which

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must rebound upon you. You bombard Malines, you burn Rubens—Louvain with its treasures of art and science, a sacred city. You make war with the dead, with the glories of centuries.

“If you do not protest, you show two things—either that you approve (and here the opinion of the world will crush you), or that you are powerless to raise your voice against the Huns, your rulers.”

It is very good, but all the same, I wish he would make Hauptmann or some influential German point out the danger which is threatening Amiens and Rheims. Louvain has fallen, and all the efforts of the world cannot raise it. But yet more wonderful are the works of the centuries that raise their towers in the way of the German Army.

I wonder if our little protest will reach Paris. Even if it does, it will probably get into the waste-paper basket. If only for one hour I could be an Emperor or a President—a Queen, poor thing, is nothing! I could weep for the cathedrals of France. E., though he does not say anything, feels as I do.

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An incident has occurred that promised to upset the balance of international peace in the pension. We were sitting on one of the garden-seats with Mrs. Tyrrell and the Syrian boy Osmal. She was helping him as usual with his German lessons, Susie lying in the sun before her with one eye open. A maid came down with a letter in a thick envelope with an English postmark. We were all interested at once; so few letters get through from England. Mrs. Tyrrell took it and turned it over; it was addressed to her in a clerky hand. We at once jumped to the conclusion that she had received her remittance.

“Open it! Do open it!” we said.

She hesitated, dreadfully afraid of being disappointed. When she at last tore it open a shout went up; there really was a cheque inside, accompanied by a letter, saying that a Geneva bank had been advised to honour it, and that the bearer would have no difficulty in obtaining the money.

“Things must be straightening out,” E. said. “Perhaps the Moratorium is over.”

Mrs. Tyrrell burst into tears of relief.

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Susie got up and tried to wag his melancholy tail. The Syrian boy stole softly away, his grammar in his hand.

“I knew God would take care of me,” said the poor lady. She wiped her eyes and her glasses that she might read the letter over again; we had left ours indoors, so could not help her.

“I will go to the bank at once and get the money. I am so glad to be able to pay madame for my pension—all these weeks it has been worrying me so. I thought it had got lost, or had been taken for the War.”

“Take your passport,” E. said; “they will want a guarantee that you are you. Would you like me to go with you? I should like the walk.”

“Oh, do,” she said; “we will buy a large packet of chocolate. I want to give everyone some, I am so thankful.”

E. went off to get his hat. I stayed in the garden to play with the Hungarian baby; she was in one of her negative moods—her hands were full of flowers someone had given her. We tried to keep Susie with the intention of making a wreath to put round

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his neck, but he insisted on following his mistress into the house.

“ Does Alix like flowers ?” I asked.

“ No !”

“ Will Alix give me one ?”

“ No !” most emphatically.

“ Very well, I shall go away, and play with that little boy over there.”

“ No !” She pulled at my dress to keep me from leaving her.

The little boy ran up to me, dragging his Pekinese dog by a strap.

“ I make the soldier, madame,” he said.

“ You will come and see my fort; it is of the strongest.”

We followed him to the bottom of the garden, where he had arranged a blockade. One of the smaller garden-seats had been turned over and fortified with stones and pieces of wood. His nurse's umbrella and a cushion from his mailcart formed the camp; provisions, consisting of apples and chocolate, were in a bag hanging on a branch.

“ It will be a long time,” he said, meaning that he could hold the fort for a long time.

“ I should think it is impregnable,” I said.

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“ The Germans will not get in ?”

“ Of course not—you will kill them all.”

He and Alix started to play together, and I went to speak to his English nurse. She had also received a letter from home; the post-office must be returning to its normal state.

“ People are saying that Geneva is running with blood; my friends are terribly nervous about me,” she said.

We both laughed. Anything more peaceful than pleasant, sunny Geneva on this fresh summer morning could not be imagined.

Alix was refusing with her strongest negatives to be shot at for a German. The fight threatened to become real, so I went to the rescue, and took her back to the house. We met Mrs. Tyrrell and E. coming out; the tears were still in her eyes, and there was an angry spot on her cheeks.

“ Haven't you gone to the bank ?” I asked.

“ It's all a mistake about the cheque,” she said. “ Louise, the maid, told me. That boy Osmal sent it; he wrote the letter, and made the postmark and all. His sisters helped him—and I have always been so fond

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of them.—I was so glad to have some money to pay my debts.”

We spent some time trying to comfort her; but she was very much hurt. It seemed an unkind thing for the children to do. We tried to explain to her that it was only thoughtlessness, that they were simply playing a joke upon a playmate, but she refused to listen.

“Where did he get the cheque?” we asked.

“Out of an old cheque-book of his mother’s. One of his sisters told me; they thought it so clever of him,” she said.

“It would not have been fun for them if we had been arrested at the bank for presenting a forged cheque,” said E. It seems curious that we none of us suspected that letter, but it was very cleverly done.

Meanwhile Mrs. Tyrrell was still wiping her eyes. Susie, with his head hanging down, stood close to her, looking sadder than ever. Alix tried a little comforting on her own account; she held up her somewhat draggled bunch of flowers. Her big eyes were more stolid than before.

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“Are the pretty flowers for me, dear?” asked Mrs. Tyrrell, touched by this attention.

“No!” said Alix gravely. She continued, however, to hold up the flowers, and seemed contented when they were taken; a suggestion to go and find chestnuts in the grass was accepted.

Afterwards we strolled down into the town on the usual errand—to get news. The big stretch of water looked very jolly under the sunlight. We have decided that when we start for Florence we will go up the lake and past the Castle of Chillon. There was nothing new; the Pope is not elected yet. Cardinal Maffi is a favourite. E. says he ought to be made Pope because he is an astronomer.

We found the market in quite a different place to where it was last time. It seems that it goes to the people instead of the people going to it. Sometimes it sits before the door of the British Consul, sometimes it is found far away on the farther side of the town. We bought apricots and came back.

Later on I found the culprit who had sent

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the cheque seated in the garden with his book. My French is scarcely understandable, but I trusted to the justice of my cause. His English, I knew, had to be sifted with labour out of the dictionary, and therefore must remain in abeyance. When I came near him he politely made room for me on the seat.

“Osmal, that was a very clever letter you wrote this morning,” I said.

“Yes, madame.”

“You did not think before you sent it. You have hurt the feelings of this poor lady. She is always so fond of you. Every day she helps you with your lessons—it was a cruel thing to do !”

“Yes, madame.” He looked disturbed; his rather handsome face was clouded.

“Why did you send that cheque? You know she is sad because she has no money.”

“You are right, madame; I did not think,” he said. “I thought she would see at once that it was not correct.”

“You did it too well,” I said; but that was a mistake. He at once looked extremely pleased with himself. “She is so

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kind to you that you ought to be kind to her." With this I left him. I do not suppose I did much good.

The latest news is bad from the fighting lines; it is a carnage, a seething, struggling line of flesh and iron more than two hundred miles in length.

We all exchange newspapers, hoping to find in some corner a ray of hope. The Russians report that their enormous forces are rolling on. The Swiss papers are full of the horrors committed in Alsace. Their own internal affairs are troubling them; there are many unemployed. The War stretches its loathsome fingers everywhere, taking everything—the labour from the field, the bread of the artisan, even the drink of milk from the little child.

The only one who is cheerful amongst us is the Enemy. She is more important than ever, and more aggressive. All the garden is pervaded by her activity; she shakes down the plums, gathers up the fallen apples, and presents a spectacle of virtue and industry that is very trying to her miserable opponents. When she occasionally rests from

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her avocations she reads the German papers with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. And never does she let us off the victories of her indefatigable Emperor; his figure grows and grows before us till he towers up like the Saléve. We flee from the Colossus in vain.

Between the intervals of chivying us round the garden she finds time to go into town and bestow a few attentions on her Consul; but these visits do not satiate her appetite for the latest news. One of the Russians was strolling down the lane with E. last night; they forgot the time in smoking and talking, and came in rather late. In the hall, attired in a smart and quite creditable dressing-gown, they found the Enemy; she was speaking into the telephone with the receiver at her ear. The Russian translated for E.:

“Is that you, Herr Consul? So——Pardon me for calling you—have you had any recent information—anything fresh? There is a lady here with a quite young baby—her husband is at the front. She cannot get to sleep; she is so anxious.”

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Interval.

“Thank you. No, I won't ring you up any more to-night. You see, she was so——” Here the telephone was apparently cut off; the Consul had gone back to his disturbed dreams.

One of the servants told me this morning that the mother of the baby had gone to sleep, when the Enemy burst into the room and told her not to be anxious—the Emperor was still victorious. I wonder if any victories would make up to her for the loss of her husband.

E. says he is quite willing to fight for his country, but that all the gold of Ophir would not make him accept the position of Consul. I myself think he would be worth anything in a Consulate. Everybody would believe what he said, whether it was true or not. But I do not want him to join in the War until he has perfected that gun he is inventing—one that will shoot back and front.

At dinner to-night Mrs. Delane said to me across the table in a kindly, puzzled voice:

“Such a queer thing . . . I was passing

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in the garden just now when I saw Osmal, the Syrian boy, put his arm round Mrs. Tyrrell and kiss her."

It was quite true, as we heard afterwards. Osmal had said:

"I did not think, dear madame. I am desperate sorry. . . . I love you as I love my mother. Please pardon me."

CHAPTER XVII

PARTING SHOTS

GENEVA, *September 3rd.*

Mrs. Tyrrell has received her remittance. Coming after yesterday's commotion, it proves a godsend. She has gone off with E. to get the money. Afterwards they intend to see a cinematograph, have a ride on the lake, and stay out to tea. I hope it won't be too much for them. Susie, as usual, is howling on the other side of the corridor. I will go and fetch the miserable little thing, and let him sit on my sofa.

Still the world awaits its Pope. The smoke has gone up three times from the Vatican, but without result. Cardinal Maffi has Austria and Germany against him, so no astronomer is likely to be in the seat of St. Peter's.

E. is getting anxious to be off to Italy. We think we will start the day after tomorrow. What a pity we have no motor!

GENEVA, SEPTEMBER 3

The weather is so fine! I wonder if the German Army is making use of the ewe lamb? If we ever get it back it will be worn out. How glad I am that we did not replace those two old tyres!

There is a girl here who was born in Russia of German parents. She is studying singing. Sometimes in the evening we get her to carol delightful little old French songs. Once she began a ditty about a brave Chasseur. In the middle she left off and went away. We did not see her any more that night.

Yesterday an Alsatian woman called on some one in the pension. We were, as usual, in the garden. She was talking to the Russo-German girl.

“My two sons are at the war, and I can hear nothing of them. Paul is sergeant in a regiment—I last heard of him at Longwy—and Henri is fighting near Mulhouse.”

The girl said in her quiet way:

“It is sad, madame, is it not? My two brothers have been called to the army in East Prussia. I ignore whether they are alive or dead.”

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And she has always been so cheerful and willing to amuse us. We find out that her family sympathize with Russia, but as they are not naturalized, her brothers have been called up by Germany. It is very hard for them.

It doesn't matter about the ewe lamb.

Susie will not sit still; he fidgets and tries to get on my lap. He has had all the sugar out of my private packet, sitting up begging while he knew there was a single piece left. Now he puts a tentative paw on my knee, and wants something else. Dogs are always wanting something. I will take this one back to his post across the passage, and say nothing to his mistress about the sugar.

September 4th.

We have decided to start to-morrow, and have sent a card to the Faithful to tell her to expect us. It will probably not get through.

A sharp engagement took place in the garden this morning, in which we were thoroughly routed. Possibly the Enemy had heard we were leaving, and wished once more we should feel Germany's heavy hand.

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She leaves Mrs. Tyrrell alone now the latter has paid her debts, possibly because her former victim is looking on life more cheerfully, and even sometimes can return a few shots. Also, the Prussian baby has not been well, and she has devoted some of her surplus energy to nursing it. She seems really fond of children, but it is quite probable she prefers those of her own nation, or of that nation's Allies. By the way, the Hungarians have left for Zurich, hoping to get through by Lindau and Munich to Austria. We miss little Alix very much—all except Susie.

I am afraid Madame de Lantier did not get her account paid. It will be interesting at the end of the War to find out how much hotel-keepers have suffered by giving credit. I should say very little, as they will make allowance for bad debts. Still, it is nice to feel that if you get in a hole for want of money, your hosts will be willing to wait for payment.

About the one-sided battle that took place to-day. We were sitting on the long seat in front of the house, E. in the middle

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reading the newspaper, and commenting as he read—Mrs. Tyrrell on one side knitting, as usual, and myself on the other, doing nothing.

Susie was lying in the sunshine on the gravel, feeling that there was no more need to keep one eye open for Alix. Madeline, the small Roumanian, was sitting near him, passing pebbles through her fingers; she is just the jolliest little kid, full of tricks and fun.

Suddenly the Enemy issued from the house, looking, as usual, resolute and energetic. She had an air of excitement, and carried a quantity of German newspapers and an open telegram; evidently she was on the lookout for some one to talk to—she had news to impart that would not wait. Unfortunately for her, it was the hour that most of the pension was occupied. Down at the tennis-court the younger ones were busy at the game. Several of the Americans had walked into the town. There was for the moment no one visible who was likely or willing to listen to her. She determined to wait an audience, and made her plans accordingly.

There was all the garden for her to choose

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from, but she wanted a point of vantage. Close to us were some empty chairs and a table; anyone taking possession of one of these commanded the ingoings and out-comings of the pension. She selected the nearest seat to us, and piled her papers on the table. Then she tried to get Madeline to come to her, but Madeline said something in French that did not sound polite. Her sympathies are decidedly anti-German.

The old Swiss singer came slowly down the path, his collar unbuttoned on account of the heat. He made for our seat with the evident intention of joining our party. The Enemy tried a sortie, waving her telegram at him. We saw him hesitate and lift his hat, then he went hastily into the house, and shut the glass door behind him.

One of the Americans came up the path, carrying a handbag loaded with parcels. She stopped to speak to us as she passed. Being slightly deaf, she can always pretend not to hear, so that the Enemy's effort to pass the time of day as a prelude to conversation remained unnoticed. All the same, she got indoors as quickly as possible.

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The Enemy made a sort of half attempt to go after her, but thought better of it. Her newspaper occupied her for some time, but we felt that she was always on the alert. We understood that terrible sleeplessness of the German Army, that cast its bombs day and night on guilty and innocent alike. We knew that everything that we said was caught by her listening ears. The very way she perched her gold-rimmed glasses on her nose was a defiance and a menace.

Presently the Prussian mother strolled along pushing her baby in his pram. Here was a congenial soul, and the Enemy did not miss her chance. She drew her somewhat unwilling countrywoman into the trenches—I mean, into a chair—her voice cut the air, clear, incisive, not a sentence muddled. Part of the time she spoke in English, though her friend tried gently to restrain her. As far as the conversation went it was a monologue, the other being occupied in raising her baby's pillow, and turning the hood to shield him from the sun.

“ Our Emperor is truly wonderful . . .

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never before has such a great man lived," the Enemy began.

"So! . . ." said her companion absently. She was smiling at the infant.

"Here I a telegram have. We have beaten the English at Maubeuge—they all prisoners are. There is no more English Army. It is an officer who has this sent." She waved the telegram; the other made an effort to check her, speaking rapidly in German. It was useless.

"Those Belgians have fired on our gut soldiers. Ah! but they are bad, those Belgians. But they will to Germany belong. All people see that our Emperor is right; Holland will with us be and Italy. . . ." She turned and looked over one gold-rimmed glass to see how this affected us. "Italy will against England fight; she is her ships out calling."

"Hold my hand, or I shall do something rash," said E.

I took one of his hands and Mrs. Tyrrell the other. We prepared to put a strong restraint on our feelings. Young Roumania, seeing that something was going on,

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left off altering pebbles, and climbed on his knee.

“Ya!” said the Enemy firmly; “there will be of the English Army no more.”

At this moment Madeline’s brown fingers attacked E. in the armpits. He gave an awful yell, and made a bound. In a moment we were a shouting, struggling heap—knitting, newspapers, and humans, all mixed together.

Susie drew himself away and eyed us disgustedly; the baby woke up and wept aloud; the Enemy glared at us. There was nothing to be done but to own ourselves beaten. We got into some kind of order and refolded on our front, retreating to the other end of the garden. As always, the Germans gained on us even there. We saw the Enemy coming down the path pushing the pram in front of her. So, to the great delight of young Roumania, we fled in disorder through a gap in the hedge, and gained the lane outside.

A respectable gardener passing by looked at our grey heads, and shook his own. Very likely he thought we had escaped from the

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asylum for the half-witted, which is not far off. He took himself and his wheelbarrow into a meadow, whither Madeline, seeing the haycocks inside, rapidly followed. If she gets her little brown fingers under his arms, he will have reason to repent his uncharitable judgment.

To-day Mary Delane is seventeen. She says she feels most terribly old, and that her life is passing rapidly away. This afternoon she had a birthday party. There were present, beside her mother and aunt, two boys, her fellow-pupils at the Academy, one old lady of eighty-five who was also studying music, and myself. Her presents consisted of one silver bangle, one piece of music, and a large packet of chocolate. We had delicious coffee, made by Mary's mother, and a Geneva cake so good that I felt very bad after it.

The old lady of eighty-five was the life of the party. When she is perfect in music, she is going to take up painting. After that, there are several Asiatic languages she would like to acquire. At present she only speaks six, and they are all European.

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LAKE LEMAN, *September 5th.*

This lake has the bluest water of any lake I know. Turquoise and aquamarine and shades richer and rarer than any gem, gleam through the swirl and eddies thrown off by the passage of the boat. The sun shines and the gulls swerve. All the little villages on the banks are gay with geraniums and blossoming shrubs. Coster-girls, not at all unlike their London sisters, come on board with immense baskets piled with nuts, and a small black berry, looking like a currant, said to be used for colouring wine. There are great quantities of rough frame-boxes containing farm produce. Just now a man lifted a cover from one of them, and the deluded fowl that is travelling inside thought it was dawn, and began to crow.

We have lunched in the old way on ham and cheese and fruit. The market had, greatly to our advantage, taken up its position this morning near the landing-stage. E. was able to get all we wanted while waiting for the boat to start. It is always jolly to get back to an irregular life

LAKE LEMAN, SEPTEMBER 5

after a period of fulness; our pension gave us almost too much good living.

Last night, when we were putting our things together, E. said suddenly:

“This pension is all right, but it has not fulfilled the expectations raised by the prospectus.”

“Haven't you had all you wanted? There is the tennis-court, the croquet-lawn, and the garden. Of course, there is no skating-rink, but in winter——” I was on the ground trying to get the things into the Japanese basket—a hard task. E. stood over me, waiting to fasten the straps. He was in good spirits at the thought of moving on.

“What is it you haven't had?” I repeated.

“I haven't seen the vacuum cleaner,” he said. “I was promised a vacuum cleaner by the prospectus. That alone encouraged me to come here. I've been defrauded.”

By this time the basket was ready for him, and he fastened it. We have very little luggage, owing to the fact that we were obliged to leave the greater part at Munich.

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When we had finished, we went downstairs to take leave. We had to catch this rather early boat in the morning. Everybody was sorry that we were going; they wanted to load us up with fruit and books, but we had already enough to carry. One lady insisted on giving me a brooch of old amber; it had been brought long ago from the Baltic Sea, and had matured to a rich bronze with age. Madame de Lantier begged us to return to her if we could not get through; she said she would give us credit for a year, if necessary.

We came down this morning in good time for our start. While we were waiting for a boy to carry our basket, we went into the dining-room to say good-bye to Mrs. Tyrrell. We found her breakfasting at the large table, Susie on a chair by her side. At the German table was the Enemy, slightly flushed. There was a hushed atmosphere about the place, which suggested that she had made a sortie and been repulsed. On her part, Mrs. Tyrrell had an air of confidence, almost of carefully concealed triumph. I am hoping that in future she will hold her own.

LAKE LEMAN, SEPTEMBER 5

We said good-bye to her with much regret. We are hoping that some day she will find us in Florence.

E. went straight out after shaking hands with her; I lingered for a moment to bow and smile to the other table—peace with all people, even with the Enemy, seemed a desirable thing. But, faithful to the tradition of her nation, she would not shake hands with the foe. Her lips moved. I seemed to hear her say: "War is not a game." Her eyes glanced through me, and rested on a plum-tree outside the big glass doors. I almost felt the leaves curl up, as if a charge of shrapnel had fallen on them. Next year there will be no plums on that tree.

We shall land at a village at the farthest point of the lake, from whence we shall take the railway to Milan. If we see a desirable place to stay at in the Rhone Valley, we shall alight.

We have been talking to an Englishwoman who lives on the Lake. She says that as a rule in summer it is full of yachts and sailing-boats. This year there is scarcely

PARTING SHOTS

a boat to be seen; the War has driven the visitors away, and many people are out of work. It is always the same story—war is ruinous to the neutral as well as to the fighting nations. Why isn't there an international league to prevent war?

We are passing the Castle of Chillon; it looks just like the little groups of towers that used to be shaded out in pencil by the pupils of the old-style drawing-master.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ONE JUST MAN

MILAN STATION, *September 5th-6th.*

I am tired to death. This night is one of the longest I have ever known.

Perhaps it is the weariness of mind and nerves that comes after travelling all day, or it may be the exhaustion felt by the unfortunate body bound to sit upright for long hours on end. There is no need to seek for reasons. I am so tired, and yet I cannot rest.

Outside the waiting-room, in the partially lighted station, the trains rumble and shriek. They move to and fro without ceasing, for no apparent reason whatever; they do not seem to have any particular destination. There do not seem to be troops or ammunition in the few carriages attached to each locomotive. They simply rumble up and down the line, their steam whistles piercing the night.

THE ONE JUST MAN

I wish the idiotic attendant by the door had not such round, staring eyes; it makes me quite nervous to think they are continually fixed on me.

He might for a change look at the sleeping man on the other side of the waiting-room—the one with his head fallen back and his mouth wide open.

Or the English lady sitting near me in her neat grey travelling-dress and grey suede shoes that are half covered by the hem of her gown—why doesn't the man fix his uncomfortable orbs on her? Let us hope he will have to wear glasses soon and cover them up.

The seats in this second-class waiting-room have attained the limit of hardness and discomfort. By these traits they prevent themselves from being worn out. Nobody would ever sit on them if they could sit on anything else. For instance, the aching in my limbs produced by the wood and plush belonging to the State railways of Italy have obliged me to make a seat of my Japanese basket. That, in spite of the solidity of its packing, has kept some elas-

MILAN STATION, SEPTEMBER 5-6

ticity. Also I can use the chair in front of me to rest my book on.

It may be that this position explains the attention paid to me by the round-eyed attendant. He may think I am putting the nation's plush to an illegitimate use.

Or he may think I am a foreign spy, noting down the vulnerable points of the waiting-room. Let me see what can be done.

There is a large glass door, giving on to the platform outside, on my right; another, exactly like it, just opposite, leads into the corridor where tickets are obtained. The man who should be guarding this corridor has gone to sleep on a stool just opposite the door. He probably does this every night. In my plan he himself is a negligible quantity, but the strategic position of the stool is supremely significant. It would form the centre of attack for the enemy's guns.

If I gave this information to an attacking force, it would be of incalculable value to them. Six to twelve large cannons could easily be placed sideways on a railway-truck, attached to a powerful engine, and rushed

THE ONE JUST MAN

through the station. As they passed the glass doors of the waiting-room they could all be fired off at once to the certain destruction of the defending army, which, of course, would be entrenched in the corridor. This being blocked by the débris, business would be at an end.

The waiting-room would be divided between Austria and Germany. Holland would take the platform for her gentility in remaining neutral, and I hope Turkey would take the attendant prisoner and drown him in the Dardenelles.

* This particular attendant is devoted to his duties; he is also incorruptible. That is why he has got himself disliked.

The hands of the clock point to half-past two. It must be slow. I will go and ask the attendant whether he has forgotten to wind it up.

He says that the clock is quite right, that it is impossible for it to be slow. He has never seen it wound up, but it is sometimes cleaned. He has nothing to do with it himself.

The grey lady seems to be asleep; she

MILAN STATION, SEPTEMBER 5-6

does not sit quite so correctly on her chair. Her grey leather bag has slipped from her hand, and rests on the edge of her gown. Shall I pick it up and replace it on her lap? I think it is better to leave it; I might wake her.

If I could only sleep for the two hours that must elapse before our train comes in! But I am too restless—overtired. I had better go on scribbling to pass the time.

After leaving the boat this morning at Villeneuve, we sat in a hot station for an hour. We had it entirely to ourselves, with the exception of a young family of swallows. They had a cosy nest built just above, and almost on the electric wires. If the wonderful facts that we read of in scientific journals as to the effects of electricity on plants and animals are true, there must be great surprises in store for the bird-life of that valley. Perhaps, however, feathers are non-conducting.

The train brought us along through the usual Swiss scenery, the Rhone getting swifter and muddier as we neared its source. The stations along the line were piled up

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with rounds of barbed wire—that most cruel of modern defences. Soldiers were standing about everywhere, looking hot and bored in their heavy uniforms and high leather gaiters. A handsome young rifleman sitting opposite to me unbuttoned his coat to let what little air there was play about his finely moulded throat. After a while he remembered himself, rebuttoned the coat tightly, sat up straight, and, with the perspiration streaming down his face, resolved to bear discomfort like a gallant man and a soldier.

We did not see any place in the Rhone Valley that tempted us to break our journey. It seemed just as well, now we were started, to get over the frontier. We were really rather curious to know whether Italy, like other nations, was taking precautionary measures on her borders.

Our curiosity was soon gratified. When we came out of the murky, unpleasant tunnel, everything was as usual. There was no sign that the world was belching forth blood and fire.

One mountain guard in his picturesque

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uniform stood on a jutting rock by the side of the line. He paid no attention to the train; he did not even face it. He was looking upwards to where a cow was precariously balanced on a narrow pathway.

A short time after we came on Lago Maggiore, sleeping quietly in her girdle of trees. The moon, nearly at the full, rose gloriously, reflecting the hills in the waters of the lake.

No one asked for our passports at Domodossalo. No one worried about our luggage. It was with some difficulty even that we persuaded the man to put a chalk-mark on the Japanese basket. He seemed to think it did not matter whether we had any contraband or not. After all the excitement we had had at other frontiers, we began to feel neglected and unappreciated.

We also began to be exceedingly hungry. For economical and other reasons we were travelling third-class. There was no refreshment-waggon on the train. Some tentative efforts to obtain food at the stations had the result of almost leaving E. behind. Our very slow train had acquired the habit

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of always stopping in the middle of the way, with another line on each side of it, and a notice that people were not allowed on the rails.

After E. had been prodded backwards up the step and into the train several times, we gave it up, and I opened my bag to see what we had left from the morning's meal. Being second-hand motorists, it is a maxim of ours, "Never throw away till you've got a fresh store." Breakdowns and scraps go well together.

The provisions remaining, when laid out on a clean pocket-handkerchief, appeared thus:

1 tomato.

2 ounces ham (about), rather fat.

1 very small rind of cheese.

1 very moderately sized piece of bread.

In addition to these, there remained a little wine and some mineral water.

The tomato was of good size, and made a fair stand-by. With regard to the ham, it is difficult to conceive how small a quantity is contained in about two ounces until you try to feed two hungry people on it.

Every woman—that is to say, every

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woman of the primitive matriarchal type—which, after all, is the only genuine brand—knows that her man must be fed. If the apple is small, he has the fruit and she the apple-peel. Eve began it, and the rest of us have followed the rule for all the ages past; and if every man is not killed in this War, we shall continue to do so for all the ages to come.

In order to make the most of the courses, I proposed to begin with a sandwich of tomato, followed by a small one of ham. E., however, insisted on having both together. He took the bread and ham—the largest share, of course—in one hand, and the tomato in the other. As I gave him his portion first, he got through much quicker than I did. Before my small piece of bread and tomato had disappeared, he had bolted his share of food, and was looking round for anything else he could devour.

Between the mouthful and the serving I had been trying to look at Lago Maggiore sleeping in the moonlight. It seemed to me that we might pass a very comfortable night at one of those silent silver villages. Should

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we, or should we not, get out at the next station ?

After one of these preoccupied intervals I turned round to get my scrap of ham and bread. It had disappeared. Adam had even taken the apple-peel.

There are events in the intimate lives of mankind that should not be written down, and a more cultivated person than myself might think that in this case the rule should be adopted. I do not know, however, why I should follow the example of silence given by Eve when she unwisely suffered the accusation brought against her by the only man.

The train went on, and stopped again, but we made no movement to get out. There was no mention made of sleeping at any of the silver villages embowered so cosily in moonlight and trees. We sat in our separate corners with our eyes fixed on vacancy, which in this case meant the dirty glass hemisphere that contained the lamp.

The answer E. had flippantly made in response to my hungry reproaches was: "Necessity knows no law."

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It is true that our veneer of civilization betrays us at the least opportune moments, but it annoyed me that the man I have honoured and obeyed until my hair is grey should have the same instincts as the untaught savage. "Necessity knows no law." I might just as well have married the Emperor William.

When we arrived at this station, after a time of thoughtful reverie on both sides, we found that the Florentine train had got off about five minutes before. This was not unexpected, as it frequently occurs that trains get to Milan rather late, while the connection steams away in punctual time. It is curious that we have never known it happen the other way round.

E. rushed to the refreshment-room to get something to allay my hunger. I found out that he had been feeling very remorseful about his own greediness. He had not had the slightest idea the largest share had already been given him when he took my bit of ham and bread. So little do men know about their wives.

It was a little after this that we had our

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first encounter with the waiting-room attendant.

He is still gazing at me with his round eyes. They are just like those of the early Greeks on coffin-lids, painted in with thick lashes and a hard line all round.

E. is sitting on the end of the plush bench, with his shoulder propped against the rucksack, sleeping like a tired babe. The grey lady continues to doze, the little grey bag resting still on the hem of her gown. In the dull light of the waiting-room she loses her outlines, and becomes unsubstantial. The man with his head fallen back has got into a more comfortable position, and has shut his mouth. He has been roused by some Italians who have just come in and have taken places at the other end of his seat. They talk together, rather fast, but not loudly.

The hands of the clock point to three-thirty.

After refreshments, we asked about trains. There was one at five next morning, and one at two in the afternoon. We decided to wait at the station for the early train and get

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home as soon as possible. It was now almost midnight.

We looked into the waiting-room for third-class passengers, and recoiled. The acrid odour of stale food and stale clothes met us in a hot and almost quivering blast. It was crowded with refugees fleeing before the advance guards of the War. They were thick upon the wooden seats, thick upon the floor, massed together for support and comfort—old men and babes, youth and pregnancy, homeless and helpless. Every arm had its burden, every face the apathy that is more hopeless than fear.

“I cannot—I cannot!” I said brokenly. I wanted to weep and curse.

E. picked up the basket and went along to the second-class waiting-room. We sat down heavily on one of the plush-covered benches. The round-eyed attendant came towards us.

“Pardon, Signore. Have you tickets?”

We gave them up. He glanced at them.

“They are third-class.”

“We shall probably take second-class tomorrow.”

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“I am sorry, Signore, but this room is devoted only to second and first class; and otherwise you are not allowed to remain in the station without tickets.”

“Where is the ticket-office? I will go and get them,” E. said.

“The ticket-office is closed. No more tickets will be issued to-night.”

This information did not depress us. We thought we had the key to the situation.

“Let us combine,” we said. “Perhaps a matter of one or two Christian lire—in the morning when you wake us.”

But he refused to be bribed. This fact brought home to us, as nothing else could have done, the knowledge that war was having its effect on the genial Italian. That a waiting-room attendant could not be corrupted—could refuse money pressed under a down-turned palm—was unique in our experience. The world and men were changing. We were alarmed; what is more, we were extremely angry.

To go to an hotel meant losing the morning train. I sat still, holding on to my hand-bag, and refused to move. The attendant

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regarded me with wide eyes, just as he is doing now.

“The Signora must go,” he said; “she will not be permitted to stop.”

At that moment several people entered the waiting-room. They brought with them a quantity of hand-baggage, and were undoubtedly English. They put their travelling-wraps on one of the seats, evidently prepared to spend the night. The attendant left me and went over to them.

“The Signore have tickets?” he inquired.

They gave them up. All were third-class, and all ended at Milan.

“The tickets are finished. The Signore cannot remain here,” said the attendant.

“What are we to do?” they asked. “Our train leaves at four o’clock.”

The attendant spread out his hands, palms upwards, with that expressive lift of the shoulders that implies everything.

E. went across to the travellers with his best Parliamentary air. At times of stress he becomes a composite Prime Minister—Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, and the late Lord Salisbury, all in one. He spoke to

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the grey lady, who appeared to be the leader of the party.

“We are in the same predicament,” he said. “It is ridiculous that we should not be allowed to remain. We will go to the station-master and ask permission.”

They all tailed out on to the platform, E. leading the way. I remained behind, under the close observation of the attendant.

When they came back they were accompanied by an urbane official in a red-crowned cap. He gave some rapid and decided orders. We were to be permitted to remain until our train arrived. He took himself away with a courteous salute and a hope that we might find some repose.

E. said that they had had some trouble to find the station-master. There seemed to be several of them, and the first was quite impervious.

“You have no tickets,” he said. “Also, you are third-class passengers. You cannot be permitted to remain in the station.”

“I do not understand this refusal,” E. said. “It is not our fault we are travelling third-class and are not provided with

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through tickets. It is the fault of the War. No money can come through from England.”

Then another red crown came up. E. turned to him.

“You are the representatives of a great nation,” he said, “and one that is friendly to us. We ask of you permission to remain a few hours, until our trains arrive, and you refuse. This is not the way we treated Mazzini in England.”

This seemed to impress them. They talked together a few minutes, and decided in our favour.

We settled down on the chairs and benches. The other English had come down from the Trentino, where they had been for six weeks. They said the Austrians had been very nice to them all along; being at war with England had made no difference.

“Our landlady even said she would take our cheques if we liked to stay on,” said the lady in grey; “but we thought it would be unfair to her.”

“Also, we thought we had better get home before all the routes were closed,” said her son.

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"If we do not get there soon, I suppose there will be no England. It will be a German dependence," sighed the lady.

E. sat up, very wide awake.

"What in the world do you mean?" he asked.

"Perhaps you do not know. The Germans are on the point of taking Paris; they have beaten the Allies. Nothing can stand against their magnificent organization."

"They have the finest army in the world—curse them!" put in one of the men.

"And ours is rotten—rotten!" said another.

"They have laid mines everywhere; half our Navy is destroyed," added the lady.

"Our people in India and Ireland are beginning a revolution."

"I wish to goodness England had not commenced this War! She might have known we could not stand against the Germans."

The man who said this took up his bag from the floor, put it in a corner, and settled himself against it. We could see that for

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him the matter was past dispute; England was no more. She had been swallowed in a gulp, along with France and Belgium.

“The Emperor William did his best to make peace,” went on the lady. “He was heartbroken at having to undertake this most sanguinary War.”

“He almost went on his knees to England and Russia. What our people were thinking of—— Fools!” said the man who remained awake.

By this time E. and I had recovered from our astonishment. No cannonade of the Enemy had ever knocked us as flat as these remarks of our compatriots.

“I don’t think it is quite as bad as that,” I ventured.

“What newspapers did you read in Austria?” asked E.

“We had all the best German and Austrian papers. No English journals have been able to get through for weeks,” said the lady.

“That accounts for it,” E. said. “If you have been fed up with that stuff, I don’t wonder you are depressed. But, believe

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me, there's another side. France and England still exist."

"For how long?" one of the men asked sadly.

It was in vain to try to convince them. They had sipped the poison of the German Press to the very dregs. We were too tired to force other views on them, so we gave it up. We are afraid they will have a shock when they get home and find England still under King George.

One by one we settled ourselves in uncomfortable positions, and tried to sleep. E. has the delightful faculty of going off happily, whatever the noise; nothing rouses him or disturbs his slumber. The grey lady sat quite still, with her eyes closed. She looks sad and tired. I am glad she has dropped off at last.

One more remark she made before we abandoned ourselves to silence and the night. She said that the Austrian Tyrol was mourning the loss of its young soldiers. They had been in the advance army that was sent against Russia, and half of them had fallen.

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Poor Trentinos ! poor labourers who will return no more to their green valleys ! They were sent as sheep to the slaughter—as sheep they were dumb. It is not right, it is not just.

They are voiceless also, that sorrowful, hopeless crowd in the adjoining room. They had so little, and the War has taken even that little.

The dust of this murky station has got into my eyes.

I wish it would get into the eyes of the one just man ; he is still keeping them fixed on me.

CHAPTER XIX

ITALY PUTS HER HOUSE IN ORDER

FLORENCE, *September 7th.*

On my old tower that leans over the Arno and looks down the river, the sunshine beats in hot and brilliant waves. The hill at the end of the valley, on which St. Francis and St. Benedict met, is covered with a filmy haze. It is so warm that I am driven to shelter under the roof behind the lemon-trees. They are fairly fresh. I am glad the Faithful did not forget to water them while we were away.

Down below, the Arno runs pellucid and green; there has been no rain from the hills to stir the mud and spoil its transparency of colour.

In medieval times two knights met near a battle-field. They spoke of Florence and its river.

“The Arno is tawny as the lion’s mane,” said one.

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“ The Arno is green as the beryl,” said the other.

“ You lie, Signore !”

“ And you, Signore !”

Then they fought all day till they both were dead. And both were right.

After reading the daily papers in three different languages, I almost come to the conclusion that all the warring nations are right too. There is one thing that stands out quite clearly in the reports, and that is that they are all victorious; more especially poor old Austria.

We reached home about four o'clock yesterday afternoon and got in, or thought we did, without being noticed by the street. It was a great contrast from our start a few weeks ago, when we had gone off so joyfully with the Ewe Lamb. Now we would have to explain to everybody that we had been despoiled of our car, and had fled from the enemy's country in fear of our lives. I don't think this last statement is true, but it looks all right written down.

One wide-awake person in the street did see us, and it was due to his vigilance and

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activity that the Faithful appeared shortly after we had entered the flat. She carried bread, milk, and other necessaries, and at once set to work to provide that ridiculous amount of hot water that experience had taught her we should demand. Her face beamed like the Italian sun. We knew we had given her the greatest pleasure by coming back weeks before we were expected.

After all there is something satisfactory and solid about a retainer that sticks to you for ever. Occasionally, it has its inconveniences, but the balance is in favour of the masters.

The Faithful calls herself Maria in everyday life. The street, from ancient and friendly reasons, calls her the Aunt.

“What news is there, Maria?” we asked, when we were washed and refreshed. We wanted to hear a little mild gossip. After Milan station for a lodging, we were in a chastened and everyday mood.

“Florence is very quiet. There are no Americans here. We want rain badly for the vintage. It has not fallen for many weeks,” said the Faithful.

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“ You have not let the tower fall into the Arno, Maria ?”

“ Ah no ! Signore. It is strong—very strong. There are many birds up there this year. I caught some when I went to give water to the lemons. They were a good seasoning for the pasta.”

We do not mind how many of our sparrows the Faithful eats as long as she does not serve them up on our table.

“ And is Italy going to war ?” I asked.

“ Chi lo sa ! There is nothing said. All day the soldiers march, march, and sometimes in the night. They have called up some of the classes, but not all. We in Florence do not want war. In Rome perhaps—but not too much. There, even, are mothers who want to keep their sons.”

“ The English and German mothers are very sad,” I said. “ And some of them are giving up their husbands too.”

The Faithful, who is of the number of those who weep when others weep, shed some tears over the sorrowful women who had given their dearest to the War.

“ What would you, Signore ?” she said.

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“It costs much to bring up a man. First there is the pain of the nativity; then afterwards he must be clothed and fed for such long years. Then the Military takes him, and he goes from you. Sometimes he comes back and all is well. Then his mother is glad. She has someone to work for her and help her when she is old. But sometimes he goes away and comes not back. They send you a letter—that is all. You cannot even put flowers on his grave in the Ogni Santi. He is young and his cost is not paid for. Only the mother has paid; and nothing has come of it.”

It was the patient murmur of the class that gives the most. The great truth that underlies the pomp and glory of war. The cost of a man is great. If he is cut down before his day is past the waste to his nation is serious. So much of youth and manhood is being cut down every hour. And the mothers pay.

There was something more than sympathy with others at the back of the Faithful's mind. It is her misfortune or happiness, we never know which, to have brought up

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a son who has certainly cost her dear. In his short twenty years he has fallen into every possible pitfall, and his mother has always to dig him out. Rogue, vagabond, and worse, he is never off her hands. She is a strong *contadina*, with honest country blood in her veins; he a feeble specimen of youth such as, one would think, only the denizen of a city alley could produce. Such are Nature's mysterious ways. We inquire about him.

“ And Beppi. Has he finished his military work ?”

“ Only half of it, Signore. He must now finish the other half. I have fear that they will call up the class for his year. He does not want to go. He is no soldier.”

“ But, Maria, he is an only son. They may not take him. He is not very strong.”

“ Yes, yes, Signore ! They will take him. They take everybody now. I have fear every day that he will be called.”

In spite of her assurances to the contrary, we cannot think that Beppi will be considered worthy to fight his country's battles.

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“ He will certainly run away at the first sound of a gun,” E. says.

“ I can see him shamming dead behind a tree,” I added.

Maria takes these reflections upon the character of her offspring quite calmly.

“ You have reason, Signore,” she says. “ He will sham the death. He will hide in the grass. That is the truth about him. He does not make the soldier well. *Dio buona!* Why should he make the soldier ?”

Perhaps the months of life in the barracks, with its give and take, its punctuality and rough order, will make a man of Beppi. We do not greatly believe in this possibility. We have known Beppi since his early youth; but we tell it to his mother to comfort her. She will not hear of the excellence of barrack training. He will get in with the bad subjects and come out worse than he was before, she says. When she goes off into the kitchen her eyes are still flowing.

Dio buona! Why should she give up her son ?

E. has gone round to the café in the square to find out who is in town. As far as I can

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see from the tower Florence looks quiet and sleepy—its usual September air. There are few cabs to be seen and very few motor-cars. That is because people are trying to be economical, Maria says. The cost of petrol has not gone up, though one week a certain quantity was commandeered. Living comes to much the same as usual; figs and early grapes are being sold by the basketful in the street, fresh-gathered and delicious.

September 8th.

When E. got back from the café yesterday he said there were not many people about yet, but more were expected in October. The Florentines are looking forward to a good season. They say that, as all the rest of Europe is at war, Italy will be a refuge for those who want tranquillity. This looks as if neutrality would be maintained.

All the same, about two o'clock this morning I heard the bugle-call at Michelangelo's fort up on the hill. Shortly after there came the flip, flap, of the soldiers' feet as they passed in the flagged street below; then the hoofs of the cavalry, confused and dull, like

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heavy rain. The troops had been called up for a night march among the hills.

All day the workwomen go to and fro from the tailors to the barracks loaded with uniforms of grey cloth. All the shoemakers are busy making boots for the new contingents that are being called up.

The Faithful did not appear to get tea this afternoon; I had to fan up the charcoal fire myself. When she did come, loaded with our cutlets and a flask of wine, she was very angry and her eyes were red.

“Signora!” she called to me as she entered the flat, “they have taken Beppi. He was ill in bed—poor boy!—when the police came. They have taken him to the Muratori.” This is the Florentine New-gate.

“Poor Maria! I am so sorry,” I said. “But why did the police take him? What has he been doing?”

“Because he did not report himself to the military, Signora. It was yesterday his class went up. But they have no right to take him; they did not send him the notice. I shall go to-morrow to the Municipio and

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tell them that we had no notice. Then they will give him back to me.”

I foresee that to-morrow more of my valuable time will be spent fanning charcoal fires, while Maria goes to the Municipio to get her scapegrace out of prison. I have not the least doubt that he was shamming illness; the windowless cells of the Muratori will cure him. Meanwhile I tell his mother to make a most excellent risotto, that we may eat and keep up our spirits.

Rupert dined with us to-night. He got back from England some days ago. He gave us a spirited account of our nation and the splendid effort it is making to help its allies. He himself, being an American, was able to observe things with a quiet mind. His summer tour through Holland and Belgium was cut short very abruptly. He was in the Peace Palace at The Hague admiring the gorgeous vase given by William when he heard that all the world was declaring war.

We get scraps of information from various quarters. It is thought here that Germany made up its mind about going to war long

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before Austria. It is significant that a German doctor living here, who is attached to the Red Cross, received notice that he must be ready a month before the War broke out. On the other hand, an Austrian Princess, with large estates in Bohemia, wrote to a Florentine on July 28th, asking him to spend the summer with her, and planning various motor trips in Germany and Austria. It was the evening of this day that war was declared against Servia.

September 9th.

E. has been reading up the back numbers of the newspapers; he says it is curious to find out how things were going in England ten days ago, and to compare them with the news we get fresh from the Italian papers. Everything changes so quickly. We are very heavy-hearted just now, for it seems that the Germans are close on Paris. We get dozens of newspapers, hoping to find in one or the other a cheerful telegram. Things are as black as they can be. We have to say to each other many times a day that we must have patience—the end will be all right.

The protest that we sent from Geneva in

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the name of some American women came out in the *New York Herald*. I wonder whether any powerful personage has said a word about the danger to the cathedrals. To-day the Germans are at Laon and Rheims; so far they have respected the marvellous architecture of the district. Their troops must be encamped somewhere near the beautiful white village of Noyon. Two years ago, when on one of our wanderings, we passed through it, and we have never forgotten the impression made on us by its medieval buildings. Its farmhouses resemble ancient monasteries; its immense, simple church seems to divide the ages. The whole place is built of white stone—of square white blocks, stronger and more impressive than marble. How much of its beauty will be left?

Night.

We heard the man in the street calling out something that sounded like a victory for the Allies. E. went down at once and got a paper. There is no victory, but the news is better. The onward march of the Germans has been checked. We shall sleep more quietly to-night.

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September 10th.

The good news is confirmed: the German Army is being pushed back.

E. has gone to call on the doctor. He must be back in Florence by now. Newspapers take some time to get to Boscolungo; he will want to be nearer the centre, where he can see the telegrams from the seat of war.

The Italians say that all the rest of the nations are talking big, while Italy's voice has sunk to a mere whisper. They compare her to a beautiful lady who has many lovers. She is modestly blushing at all the pretty things said to her by her suitors in order to persuade her to join in the game of war. Meanwhile she is satiated and bored with so many sweets; she would be glad if the nations would leave her to eat her good, plain spaghetti in peace.

But there is not the least doubt she is setting her house in order; if circumstances force her into action, she will be ready. It seems to us that without any fuss, and with very little interference to her national life, she has already partially mobilized.

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We hear from an officer that, though it would be greatly to the advantage of the Italians to join in the war, they think it scarcely honourable to turn against their allies, Germany and Austria. Their sympathies are entirely with France and England, but the present is not the moment to declare them; they wish under the circumstances to remain neutral.

I got my own breakfast this morning. About ten o'clock the Faithful panted upstairs with the light of victory in her eye. She had been to the Municipio and presented her case to the authorities; they had acknowledged its justice, and let her ne'er-do-well out of the Muratori.

Then she asked if I could let her have a little money—just a very little—on account, which means that Beppi thinks he ought to be compensated for his undeserved sufferings. Having received the money, he will probably stay out half the night, and his foolish mother will sit up for him, happy that he is having a good time.

E. has come back, and says the doctor has left for England—he belongs to the Red

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Cross. This is very unsatisfactory news for us; we shall miss him very much. I hope E. won't get anything serious, such as typhoid or appendicitis. It would be just the thing most likely to happen when the only doctor he will listen to is away. E. says just the same about me.

We are trying to settle down to our usual life, to conquer the restlessness we share in common with most of the world. It is very difficult. E. is very much at a loss without a motor to tinker and take to pieces. This morning I found him wiping some cogs and tools, and putting them quietly away in a cupboard.

The beautiful weather aggravates our loss; if we had the Ewe Lamb, we should spend many of these fine days upon the hills.

The news has been confirmed that the regiment of the Trentino was almost wiped out by the Russian fire. The Italians are very angry; they always remember that the Trento was once part of their country. They say that the Austrians put this contingent in front in order that it might be destroyed; the next generation will take its place, and

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will have forgotten the mother country. In the street I can hear the students singing; the words one catches most often are "Italia Irredenta."

September 11th.

The Faithful took a walk outside Florence to-day. She came back with long bunches of grapes, purple and white, which she hung on a string in the kitchen. The vintage promises very fair, not plentiful, but of excellent quality. The grape-gathering must not be put off much longer, as thieves get over the walls and take the fruit.

The authorities are much worried by the increasing number of refugees. Our hands are likely to be full in winter; already the Municipio is begging help for them.

It is not only in the cities, but in every little country village, this living burden will be felt. There is a curious reversal of life, a resuscitation of old inhabitants who have passed out of the scheme of things.

"I have heard from my brother at Cortona," Maria tells me. "He sends me greetings from many people whom I had forgotten. Some of them went away forty

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years ago; they were young then—very young.”

“What can they do in Cortona, Maria?” I asked.

She puts her hands on her comfortable sides and prepares for a chat.

“Ah, Signora, what are they to do? Their old relations are dead; the others have enough to do to get bread for their own. They come, these poor things, without clothes, without boots—not a soldo among them.”

“But how do they manage to live?”

“Just one here—another there. All the houses are stretched a little to take them in. The Municipio gives them a meal once a day. It is not so bad now; there is the fruit—a bunch of grapes from the podere, a handful of figs. It is not bad now. But when the fruit is gone and the cold comes—it is very cold when there are no blankets, Signora—the Padre Eterno will have much to do. It is to be hoped he will be equal to it.”

She does not in the least mean to be sacrilegious; she only knows that in looking backwards there have been times when

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Providence seemed to be unequal to the occasion.

September 12th.

Beppi has not been allowed to rest in peace and the bosom of his family. Last night the Faithful said to me:

“They have taken him, Signora. A notice came yesterday, and the officer came to fetch him.” There is only one “him” for Maria. To my surprise, she was not as despondent as I expected her to be.

“Was Beppi very much upset?” I asked.

“He was not willing. But the officer was very kind. He said he would look after him himself. It would not be for long. He did not think they would send him to the War.”

“Is there going to be war?”

“I do not know, Signora. Nobody knows. But everybody talks, and the men keep coming in to the barracks on the hill. Yesterday—so the officer told us—a man came in with a baby—a quite young baby—in his arms. He had two other children with him—small ones. His wife was dead, and there was no one to take them. He had no money to pay, and everybody now

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has taken someone. All the houses are full.”

By this time I know that the Faithful also has a houseful. Two out-of-work refugees occupy Beppi's bed. They are straw-workers from Paris, and have come back to find what ends of labour they can in their own country. Maria thinks they might gain a crust by cleaning out our dungeons. Under this lofty and massive tower are oubliettes forgotten by the hand of time.

I quite see how it will turn out. The straw-workers will spend the day in the dungeons, and use up two new brooms provided at my expense. They will get their crusts, but the cobwebs and dust will remain in a heap—to be swept up by those capable Germans when they have conquered Italy and, incidentally, our tower.

The newspapers say that the Emperor William cannot sleep. He has to have an hermetically sealed chamber into which no sound can penetrate.

If I am alive when the Germans come, I shall take them straight down to the oubliettes, and point out how calm and silent a

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chamber they would make for William. He might stay there for centuries, and no sound would reach him. There are some curious tubes in the walls, probably the remains of some means of torture, through which the Faithful could pour boiling oil on him when he was asleep.

September 14th.

The news of the War is contradictory. The Germans are pressing on among the cathedral towns of France. The towers of Rheims and Laon stand high above the horizon. Will the German marksmen refrain from so tempting an aim ?

When I look from my window down the Lung'arno I see two stalwart carabinieri standing under an empty flagstaff. They guard the German Consulate from the excitable youth of the neighbourhood. Not that very much harm would be done. A broken window or so, a little shouting and noise outside the house. Meanwhile, Italy's soldier-police, in their quaint, delightful uniforms, stand on guard day and night. Sometimes they play with the children of the house, just to get relief from their

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Imperial duties. It is not at all an amusing place to stand, on that dullest part of the Lung'arno.

I love to see them there—they are the symbol of Italy's sympathy for France and England.

September 22nd.

To-day the world speaks gravely of but one thing. To its eternal shame, the German army has mutilated the Cathedral of Rheims.

CHAPTER XX

WATCHING

FLORENCE, *September 26th.*

Even with the best will in the world it is difficult to avoid speaking of the War. The subject overwhelms all others.

Last night we climbed the Costa San Giorgio to dine with an American friend. The meal was served by one of those Italian cooks that are born, not made. The wine was excellent. We made an effort to get away from the subject that weighs so heavily on our minds, and tried to talk of everyday things. The result was feeble. We spoke of economy, and where it leads to.

“It is a mistake not to buy flowers and fruit. Somebody has to suffer for it,” said our host.

“‘A thrifty man is nobody’s friend.’” E. quoted the Italian proverb.

“What are you going to do if you have very little money?” I asked.

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“Spend what you have till it’s gone,” said E. “Thanks! I will have some more chicken.”

We all had a second helping of chicken. The maid refilled our glasses with wine. I had the guilty knowledge that I was economizing in both these luxuries.

“I had a letter to-day,” said our host. “It was neither a begging letter nor a demand. It was a polite suggestion that may be enforced. The municipal authorities here ask me to consider whether they ought not to add, for the benefit of the unemployed, a fourth more to my family tax.”

“Hard lines,” I said. “At least you are not economizing.”

“The saint always prays for the sinner. That’s the worst of wearing a halo; it’s so conspicuous. You must have been swelling around a lot, old chap, to get that notice,” said E.

We talked more about thrift, and the suffering it entailed. How wrong it was to save in the small luxuries of life. How much better it was to pay people to grow and to make things than to pay taxes. We

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got all the old commonplaces out quite nicely.

Meanwhile, we felt encouraged to have large helpings of a delicious sweet, and to finish up with coffee and liqueur. We were doing our utmost for the unemployed. It is curious that gluttons have been so maligned. These heroes suffer the pangs of indigestion for their country's good. We felt less depressed after dinner, and got on to old pictures and the wicked ways of the restorer. The authorities have badly re-varnished the beautiful "Annunciation" of Leonardo da Vinci. Unfortunately, restorations brought us back to Rheims. We gave it up, and talked war.

When we got home, we found the unwarlike Beppi loitering near our door.

"Buona sera, Signore." He took off his cap with a flourish.

"Why are you here? I thought you were doing service at the fort," I said.

"I am not going to the fort any more, Signora. I have finished."

"I suppose they found out you were no good for a soldier."

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“Not at all, Signora. The Capitano said I might go home.”

He looked at me reproachfully. Nothing ever puts Beppi out. E., who very much dislikes him, had turned his back and was trying to unlock the door.

“But, Beppi, I do not understand. There must have been something. Why did the Capitano send you home?”

“He said I was too intelligent for the army, Signora.” He made this announcement much as if it had been something physical—a broken leg or a blind eye—that had incapacitated him.

The heavy door swung open at this moment, and we got inside before Beppi could tell us any more. He would have talked for an hour if we had listened. He was most anxious to run upstairs and open the door of our flat, but we firmly refused this offer. It would not do to let him get a foothold in the house. We spend much of our time trying to keep him from coming to live with us. His mother is always suggesting how beautifully he can wait at table; she also thinks he would make an excellent

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chauffeur. So far we have succeeded in keeping this treasure at bay, but it takes a lot of doing.

I thought he would be too much for the military.

September 29th.

Letters came through from England this morning. They are the first we have had for some time.

We got some items of family news. Three of E.'s nephews have been accepted for the new army; another, who is not quite fit, has taken himself and his car to Aldershot, where he is making himself useful to the officers. One of the girls has entered a hospital, hoping later to join the Red Cross. All the elder members have enrolled themselves as special constables.

This account of the martial activity of E.'s family so fired me that I became jealous for my own bit of it. Everybody seemed getting in front of him. I determined that he should do something to distinguish himself.

This afternoon he sat himself down comfortably to study the *Astronomers' Journal*.

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It was almost too far off for me to see what article he was reading, but it looked like "The Effects of Hydrogen upon the Differential Calculus." That he should be able in these times to take an interest in a subject like that struck me as a symptom of degeneration. He must be stirred up before he decays any further.

"Why don't you get a truncheon and be enrolled as special constable for this street?" I said. "Last week old Serafino hanged himself. Yesterday Annetta threw herself into the river. And here are you doing nothing."

E. twisted his chair so that he might get the back turned on me. He made a crackling noise with the *Astronomers' Journal*. I understood him to murmur something about the Carabinieri.

"Our street is tired of the Carabinieri," I said firmly. "They have been walking up and down in their beautiful and upright uniforms for about two hundred years. It stands to reason, if you have been looking at anything or anybody for two hundred years, it or they will bore you to death. Old Serafino and

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Annetta were so bored they could not stand the Carabinieri any longer.”

E. looked under the table for the cat. Now, we haven't any cat, so I knew it was the prelude to saying that he must go round to the café—that he had an appointment with Rupert, and did not want to keep him waiting. I went on hastily:

“This street requires something more than beauty and uprightness—something quite different, in fact. It wants a masterful mind. Its morale should be kept up. Why, only this morning the army mule backed into the dustcart and upset it. The street was full of people, telling the dustman what to do.”

E. looked anxiously round for the quaker-brimmed hat.

“The mule amused them,” I said. “It diverted their minds from sad things and kept their spirit up; that is what they want. An Englishman, with a bludgeon, walking up and down our street would be a moral tonic. One Englishman is better than half a dozen——”

Here he found his hat and made for the

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door. Half-way down the stair he called up:

“Sorry to be in a hurry, but I promised to meet Rupert at the café. I don’t want to keep him waiting.”

My impression is that Rupert spends all his days at the café in order to give E. an excuse for slipping out of anything. Rupert has a conscience that won’t let him be a party to an untruth.

We have found out the mystery of the compliment paid to Beppi on his dismissal from the army. The Faithful let it out in such a way that we gathered she was rather proud of it than otherwise. It seems that the Capitano gave a short discourse to his men. He spoke to them as brothers, though he is of noble family and has great possessions. He told them that Italy expected every man to do his duty. That they were not to drink too much wine, and were to be kind to women. More especially they were to remember the mothers that bore them, and not neglect them in their old age. So, concluded the Capitano, they would be loved by their country, and would

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deserve that small portion of it that each one would come to occupy in time. This is according to the Faithful, who related it with tears streaming down her face. She was quite overcome by the words of the Capitano.

Beppi, it seems, was one of the most moved of all the listeners; he has his mother's own faculty of shedding tears easily and at the right time. His officer thought well of him, and, as a special privilege, he was allowed to go on guard in a hot corner of the fort-yard, exactly facing the town wall.

Beppi felt that greatness had been thrust upon him, and, like some other mortals, he found it dull. In fact, after about half an hour of looking at the wall he began to wonder why he was there at all. There was no enemy in sight. It was altogether too hot for anyone to drag a ladder to the other side of the wall to take him unawares from the top. Was there not a gate a little farther on? Besides, was it not past twelve? and at that hour all the enemies must be having their dinner just like everybody else. Beppi thought of the good soup of which

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his family partook about this time. He thought of it more and more.

When the sentinels were changed, the little fat one that had been set to guard the city wall had disappeared, so had the new and smart bicycle of the sub-lieutenant. The amateur detective of the regiment examined the footprints that he found in the corner; he compared them with some left in the vicinity of the bicycle stand. In his opinion both sets of prints were made by the same boots, which were exactly like those that they all were wearing. He said that most probably the owner of the boots found himself somewhere in company with the bicycle. He could not say who was the owner, because he did not know.

Beppi, in relating his story, gave special emphasis to the footprints. It is not every regiment that possesses an amateur detective. Also, it is not every detective that possesses sufficient acumen to make important discoveries. It was his regiment, and he was the author of the incident. Without his initiative there would have been no revelation of the extraordinary

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merits of the detective. He was the discoverer of talent.

“The soldier took a strap and measured the footprints,” related the Faithful. “It had rained a little, and they were easy to see, Signora. He measured them long, and then he measured them broad. Then all the others had to hold up their feet and be measured too.”

It was always this incident that she came back to. I saw in imagination all the little grey soldiers holding up their feet.

“Did they send a detachment with rifles to find Beppi?” I asked.

“But no, Signora.” She was gently annoyed at my stupidity. “He came back before they had finished the measuring, and brought the bicycle. He had borrowed it so that he should not be long away. He did not want to neglect his duty. The Capitano was very angry at first—very angry. But after——” She paused, and looked at me to see what impression she was making.

“Yes, Maria. What about after?”

“After Beppi had explained, Signora. At

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first the Capitano did not say anything. He had to go away and give some orders."

"But what did Beppi say?" I asked. Like a true story-teller, she was keeping the best bit till the last.

"He said that all the time he was on duty, in the corner of the fort, he was thinking about what the Capitano had told them—about kindness to their old mothers. Yes, Signora, he took the bicycle to come and see his mother. He has a good heart, has Beppi."

She wiped her eyes with what I suspect to be one of my handkerchiefs. It is not dishonesty, but economy, that leads her to finish off my handkerchiefs after I have done with them.

"So Beppi has come home for good," I said. "Now you will have him on your hands all the winter."

"Yes, Signora! He will be at home. The Capitano says that just now he does not want him, but later——"

There was a simmering noise in the kitchen. She went away, and I heard her busy with the stewpan. When she came

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back, she brought with her a savoury odour.

“It is true—Beppi has no work,” she said. “It is all because of the War. Everybody is sending away their workmen. It is hard for people to eat in these days. I was thinking, Signora, that he could help me in the kitchen. He is very handy. There are always bits of bread and paste—small things not worth carrying home. It would cost nothing——” She looked at me to see how I was taking this oft-times repeated suggestion.

“No, Maria,” I said. “Beppi is much too intelligent for me. You must find another post for him.”

Where the scapegrace spent the three days that elapsed between his escapade and his return from the army is a secret hidden in his own breast. There is a silent period in his history that has not been filled up.

September 30th.

Every day more and more of the little grey men are to be encountered in Florence. They have none of the pride and panoply of war about them, none of the self-con-

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sciousness that belongs to the soldier of other nations. They go about their business of fitting themselves for war with the same everyday air that they wear when they handle their oxen in the vineyards, or carry into the piazza their baskets of grapes and figs. They are true men and useful, mechanics and craftsmen to a quite unusual degree. More than half of them can beat out a horseshoe or hew a plank with a home-made skill and ingenuity that must have a more than market value in times of stress. They can work all day in the open on a crust of bread and a handful of yellow beans. There is little of mechanical sameness of movement in their ranks, yet they can march as far and for as many hours as any soldiers in Europe.

We are still preserving our neutrality; we announce it with an air of virtue that is almost impudence. Meanwhile there has been gathered a million of these little grey soldiers under arms. Without any fuss, the Italian Army is getting ready. To-day we are at peace with the world, but tomorrow. . . .

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The post was late last night. E. had to go downstairs in his dressing-gown to get it. It brought me a letter from my old home. Oxfordshire has given its best to the War.

My sister, also, has given her best. She has sent her boys; the farm is lonely and silent without them.

E. and I ask each other what we can do. We have no sons to give, and our income is just enough. Still, our wants are very small.

We tell the Faithful that we want to save for Belgium, and she enters into our plans with zest. How she gives us such savoury meats for the sum we allow her is a secret of her own. And it is she that suffers most, for the Italian cook has the thrifty habit of making a soldo here, a soldo there, out of her daily marketing.

Maria's old heart has very tender spots; she will do her best to help.

“Dio mio!—the poor world!” she says. “Poor little ones, and the poor mothers! Their homes all broken, with the rain and cold coming in; their meat is tears. And the dead brave men! The big guns are

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very cruel. I have seen the one on the hill—the one that poms at noon, when you think it is only eleven o'clock, and you are late." She hunts for something to wipe her eyes with, and changes the subject. "Liver is fresh and good this morning, Signora; but the master does not eat it. He shall have a cutlet—just one small one. He eats so little in these days. We must not let him know we eat the liver—he does not like to have things apart. But I shall make a sauce and pour it over—a sauce of tomato that hides up. He will not know; and it will be good—very good indeed."

* * * * *

So the days pass. Sometimes our hearts are uplifted, but oftentimes sorrow covers us as with a garment. We sit aside and watch, as all the world is watching, for the coming of the Healing Wings, when those that have been plucked from their heritage shall return—every man to his own land.

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Author Houghton, Mary.

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